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THE MAGIC CIRCUS BRINGS YOU—

THE DOORS

—WITH POCO & THE BONZO DOG BAND—
—JUNE 13·1969·9:P.M·HOLLYWOOD PALLADIUM—

THE MAGIC CIRCUS BRINGS YOU

JIM VADEBONCOEUR JR. EDITOR

BUD PLANT

AL DAVOREN ART DIRECTOR

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POEM— CIRCA 1907

GALLERY ART BY :

ROB BROWN • ROBERT CRUMB • JOHN FAWCETTE

RICK GRIFFIN • BOB INWOOD • GREG IRONS

BOB JUANILLO • GEORGE METZGER • VICTOR MOSCOSO

RICK SHUBB • KENNETH SMITH • SPAIN

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BACK COVER ... GEORGE BARR

CAROUSEL

BALLROOM

MARKET & VAN NESS

A SINCERE THANK YOU TO THE MANY ARTISTS WHO HAD FAITH IN US.

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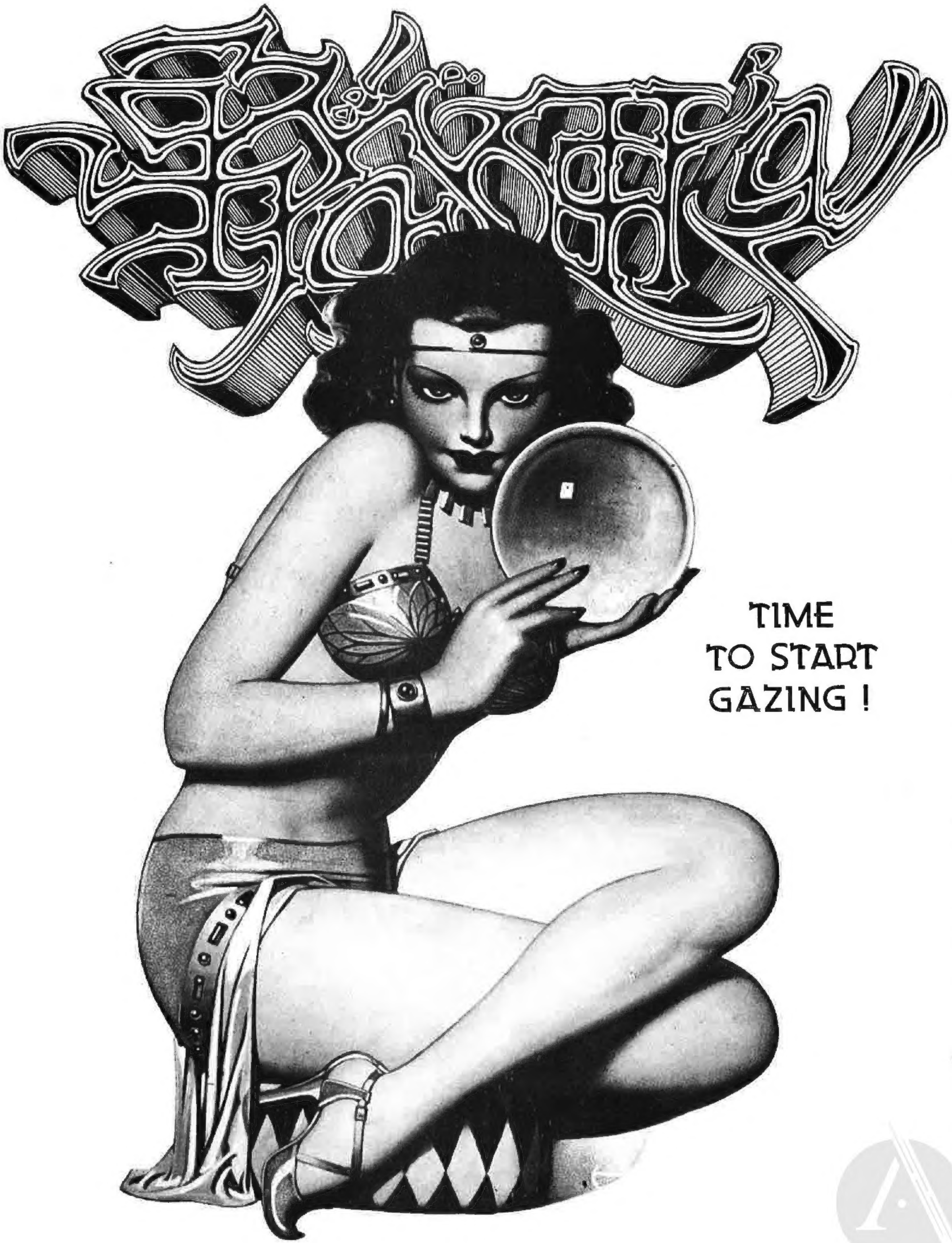
A HEARTY THANK GO TO GARY ARLINGTON, RUDY FRANKE, DAVID FAGGIOLI AND KEN SANDERS

Rick Shubb


TIME
TO START
GAZING !

editorial?

Leading off our Second Annual Issue again is Rick Griffin. He did a fantastic dance poster which was never used and graciously contributed it to us. We were so knocked out by it that we had to use it for the cover. Rick is also represented in our centerspread. The picture speaks for itself.

Bob Inwood's MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH strip was initially done as a visual book report for an english lit. course in college. He changed and added a little bit for the version presented here.

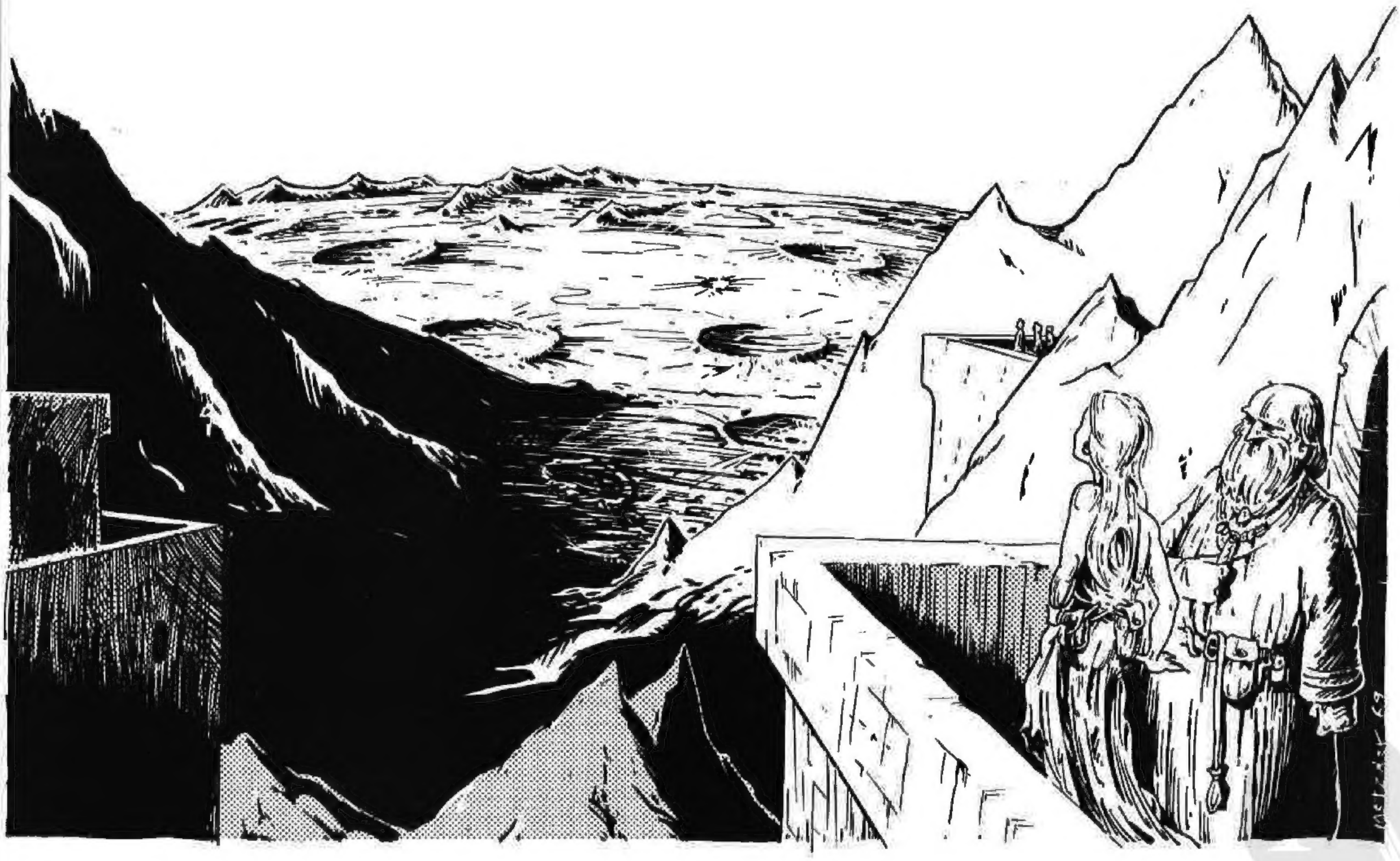
As its name implies, the Gallery is an exhibit featuring artists of exceptional talent. Again we feel we have presented a sufficient variety (from Geo. Metzger's unfinished strip to "Dicky Duck" by our mystery artist) of styles and subject matter.

This issue we feature two articles by the staff. They deal with subjects that we feel will be of interest to our readers.

For nostalgia buffs, we offer a 1935 Hal Foster TARZAN Sunday page, reproduced from the original art.

R. Crumb is back with the second installment of his portfolio.

The George Barr illustration on our back cover was originally in ERBdom. Cazadesseus had had the drawing in his possession for close to four years and never used it. We finally decided to print it, and guess what? We're sorry if you have seen it before, but that's one of the perils of amateur publishing.

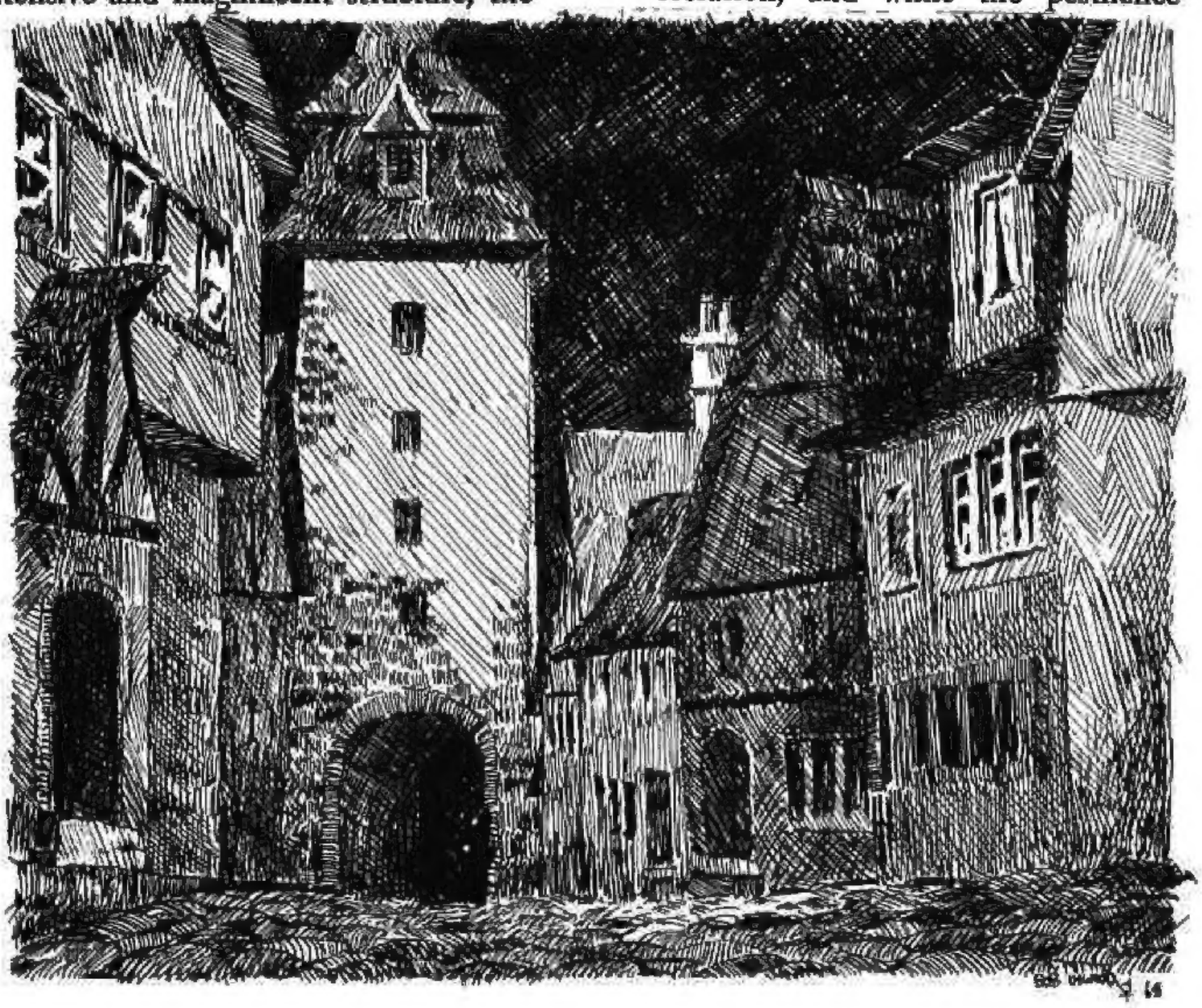


Edgar Allan Poe's
Masque of the Red Death
'68 INWOOD '70

The "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its Avatar and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body and especially upon the face of the victim, were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress, and termination of the disease, were the incidents of half an hour.

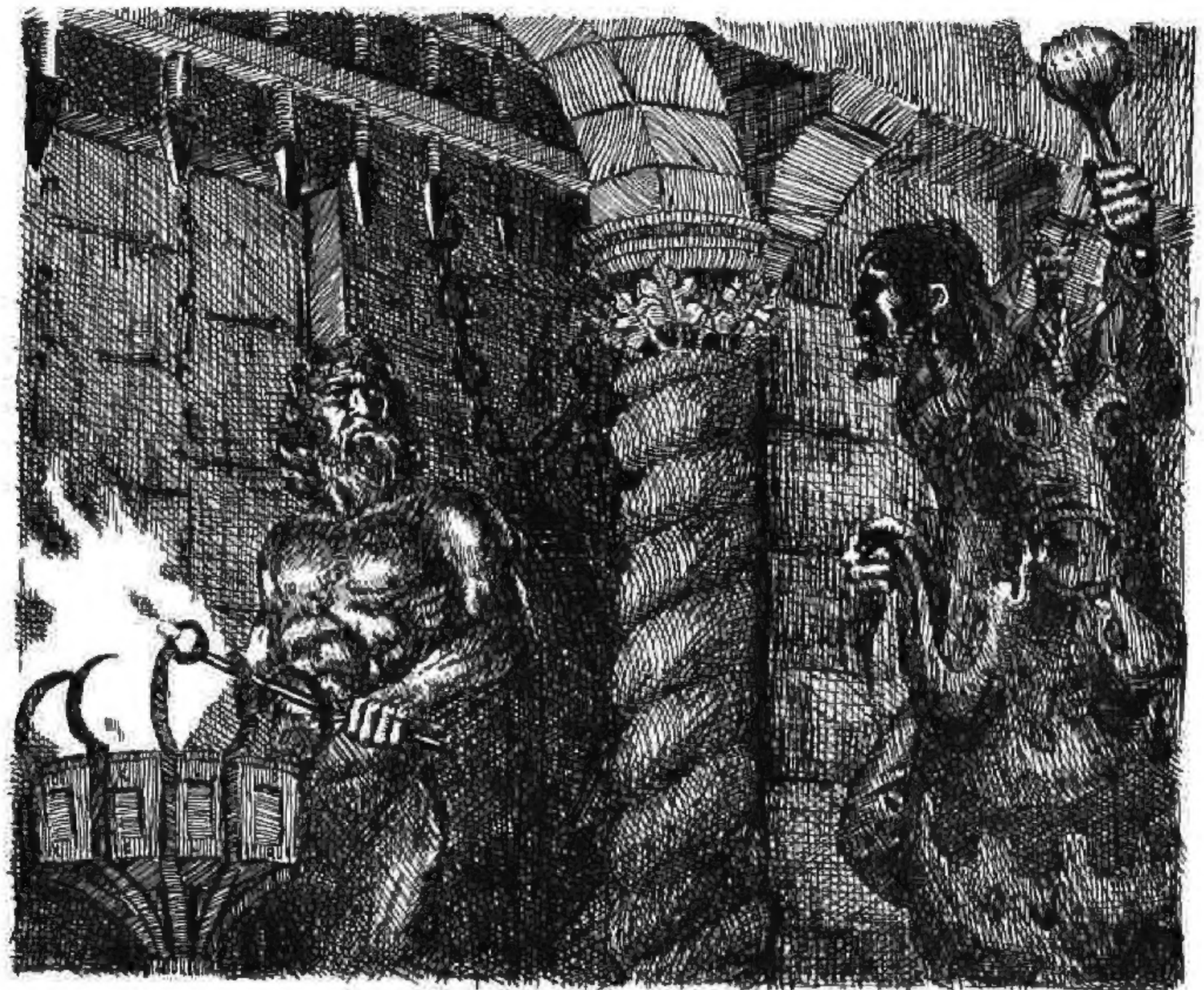
But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress nor egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was toward the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously



abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different; as might have been expected from the duke's love of the *bizarre*. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange—the fifth with white—the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But in this chamber only, the color of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet—a deep blood color. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind



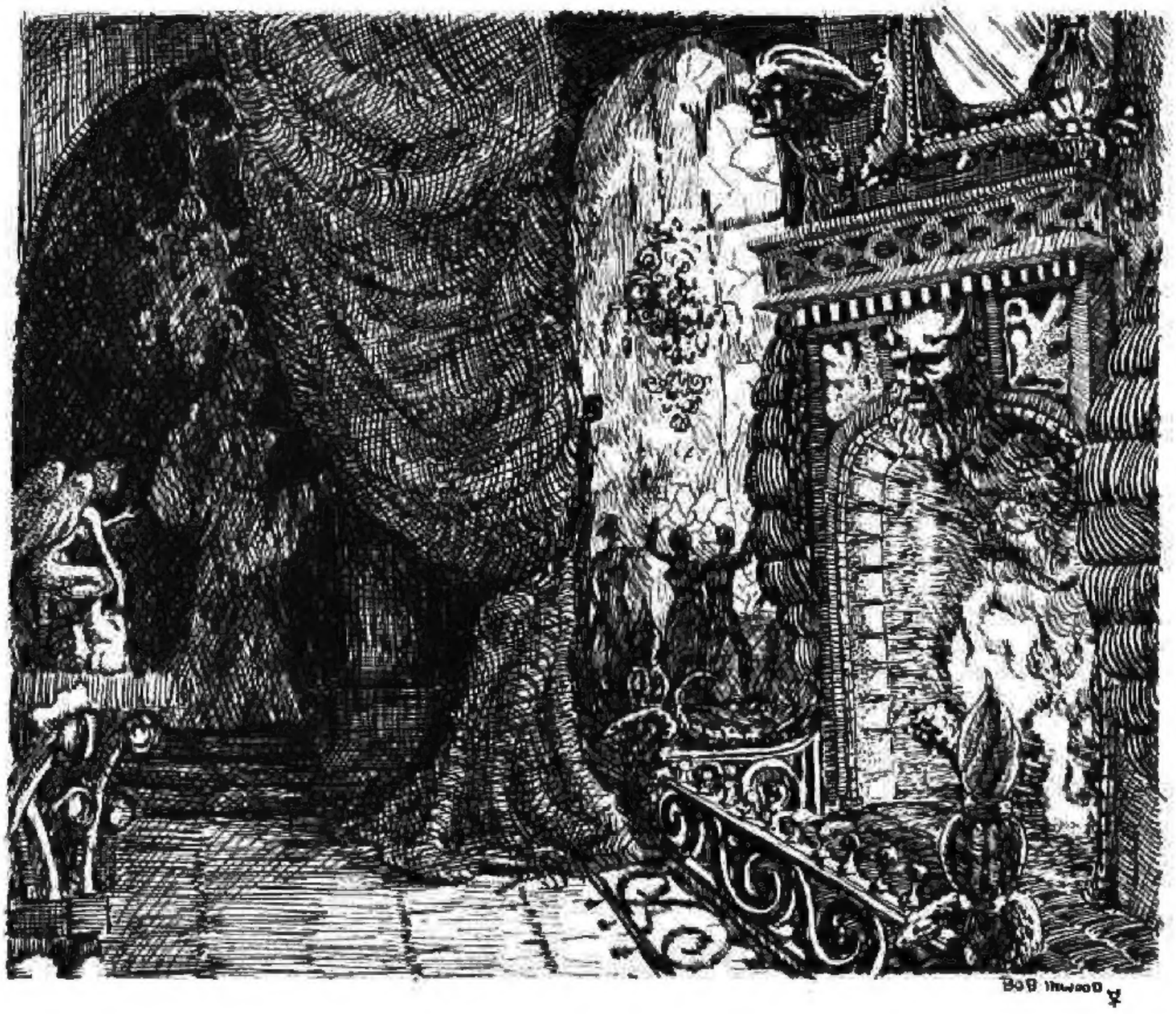
emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite, there stood, opposite to each window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier of fire, that projected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber the effect of the fire-light that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered, that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood against the western wall, a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute-hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused revery or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of sixty

minutes (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the Time that flies), there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the duke were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric lustre. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great *fête*; and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm—much of what has been since seen in "Hernani." There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There were much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the *bizarre*, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these—the dreams —writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now



again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many-tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away; and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appals; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches *their* ears who indulge in the more remote gaieties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who revelled. And thus too, it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise—then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have

excited such sensation. In truth the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revellers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in *blood* —and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which, with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its *rôle*, stalked to and fro among the waltzers) he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares"—he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him—"who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him—that we may know whom we have to hang, at sunrise, from the battlements!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly, for the prince was a

bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who, at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the prince's person; and, while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centres of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple—through the purple to the green—through the green to the orange—through this again to the white—and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterward, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revellers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose

tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave cerements and corpse-like mask, which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

I Smoke and the World Smiles Again

When I'm worried, no matter how badly,
And feel like each man is my foe;
When my tho'ts are all mixing badly,
There's one thing that cures all my woe.
I want no old druggist's prescription,
Nor cure from an M. D.'s gold pen;
My medicine needs no description—
I smoke and the world smiles again.

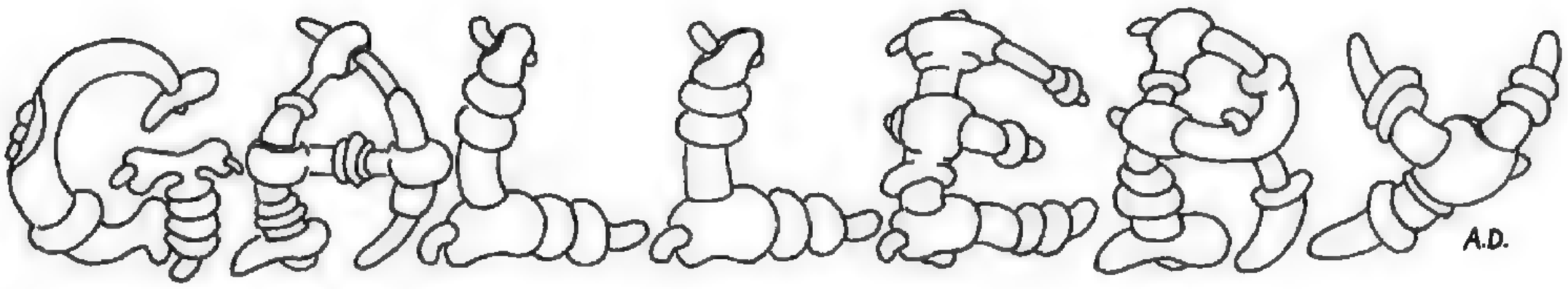
Whenever I'm feeling down-hearted,
Discouraged, disgusted and "blue,"
Like my best friend fore'er had departed,
There's always one thing I can do
Which will drive away all of my sorrow
And give me a sure ease from pain:
To give a bright look to to-morrow
I smoke and the world smiles again.

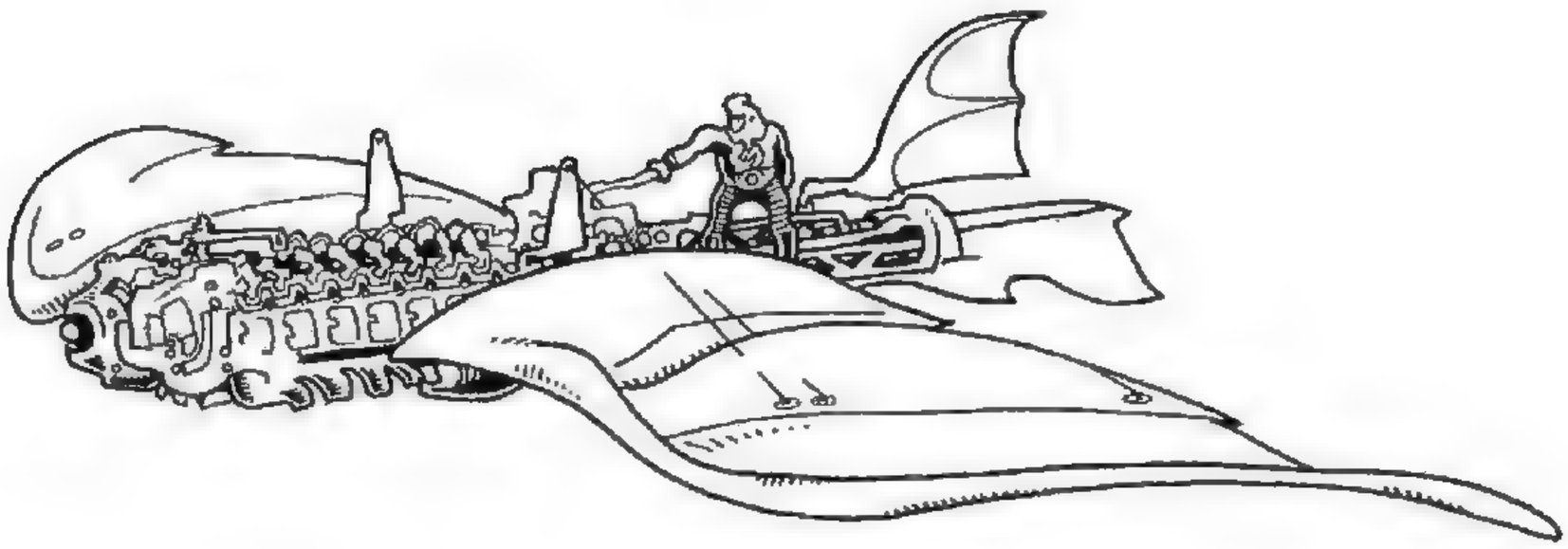
No matter how bad I am feeling
A pipe makes me feel like a boy,
And over me gently comes stealing
A sense of contentment and joy.
If I feel like my life had been wasted
I fill up my meerschaum and then,
Since the bitter I've already tasted,
I'll smoke and the world smiles again.

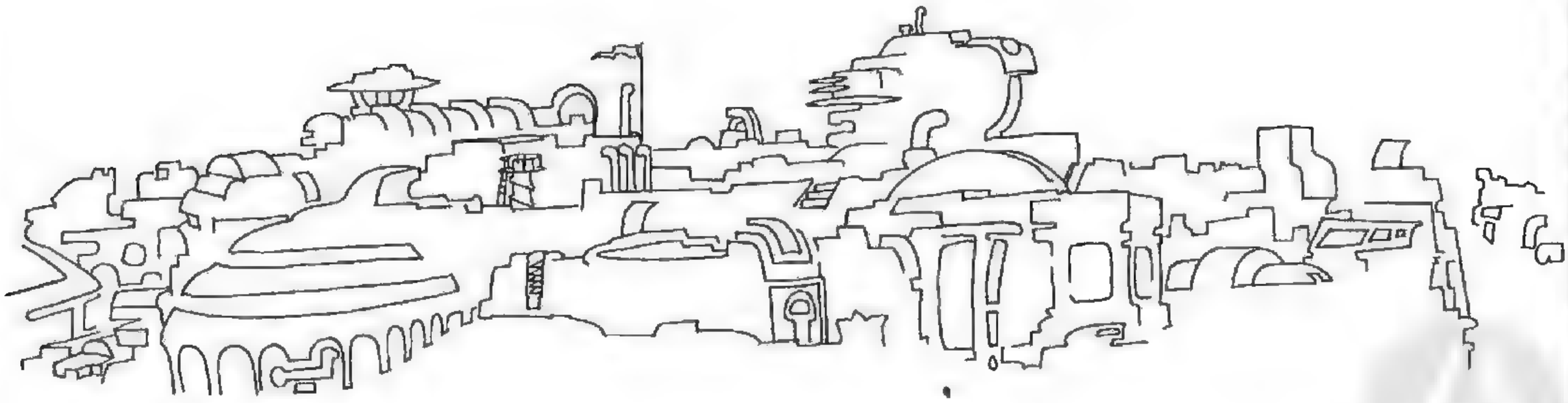
There's nobody gets any "bluer"
Than I, when I'm feeling that way,
But I don't want a cure that is newer
Than that which I use every day.
When Hope's sun no longer is shining,
All I do is go back to my den;
For "each cloud has silver lining,"
So I smoke and the world smiles again.

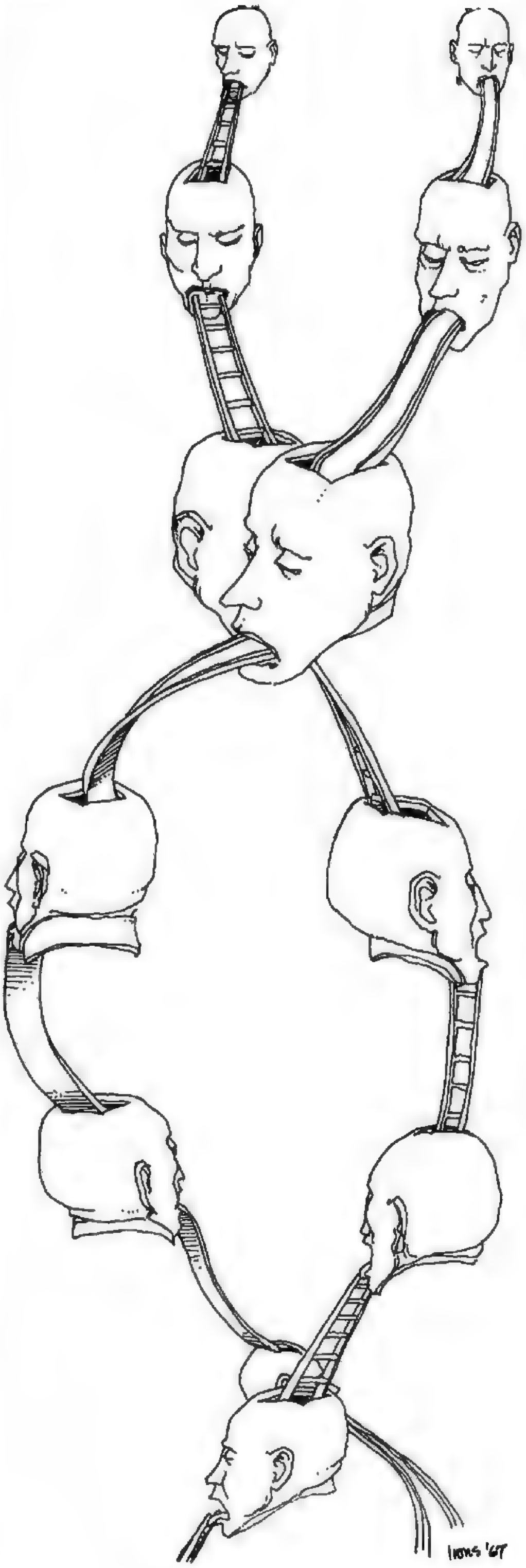
When I leave this abode of all sorrow
And go to another world where
I shall spend that eternal to-morrow,
Shall I ever get blue over there?
When I die, and my loosened soul goes out
Away from this home of all men,
Appearances say there is no doubt
I'll smoke—will the world smile again?

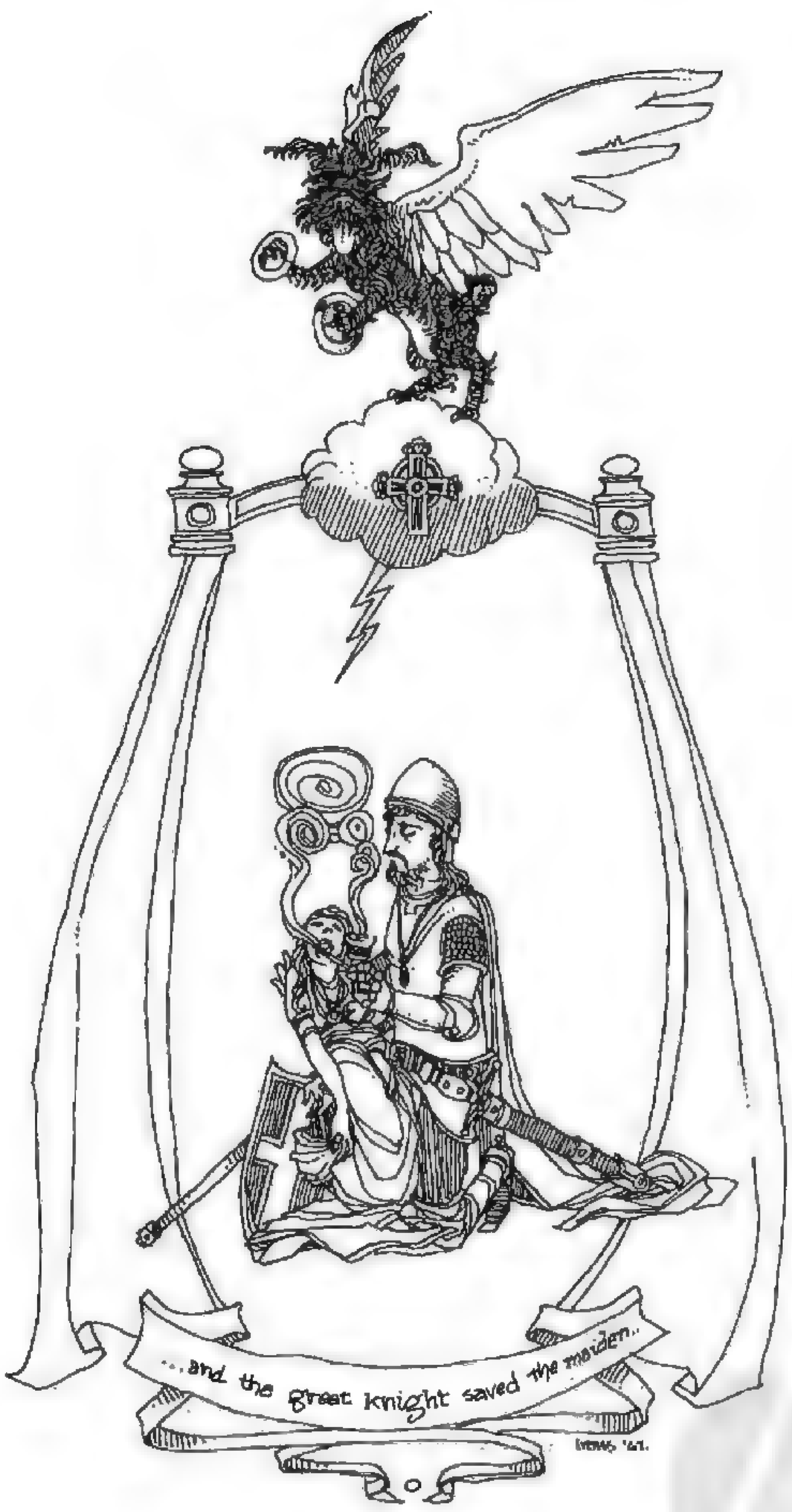
RAMON JONES.


A.D.





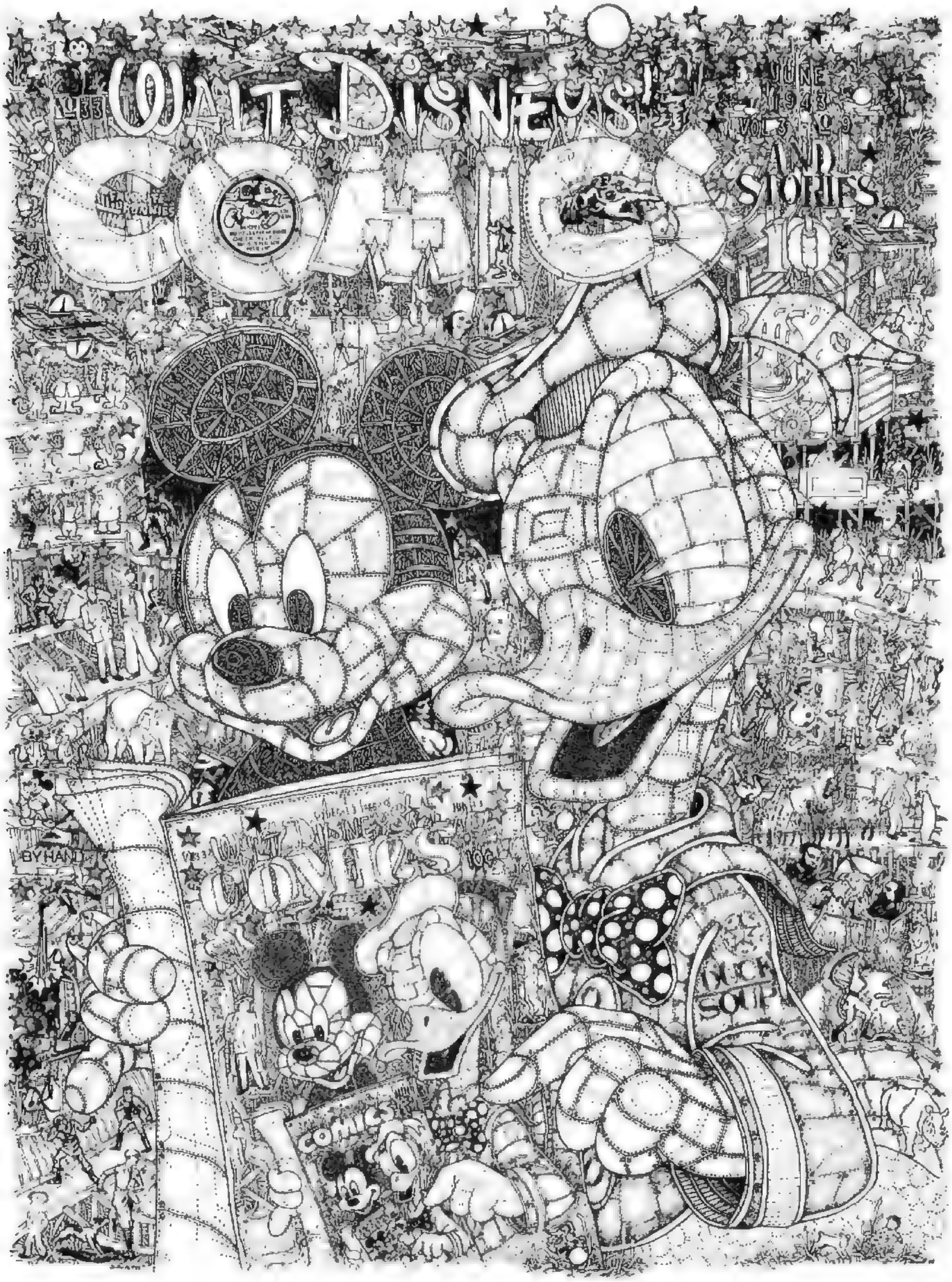



...and the great knight saved the maiden...

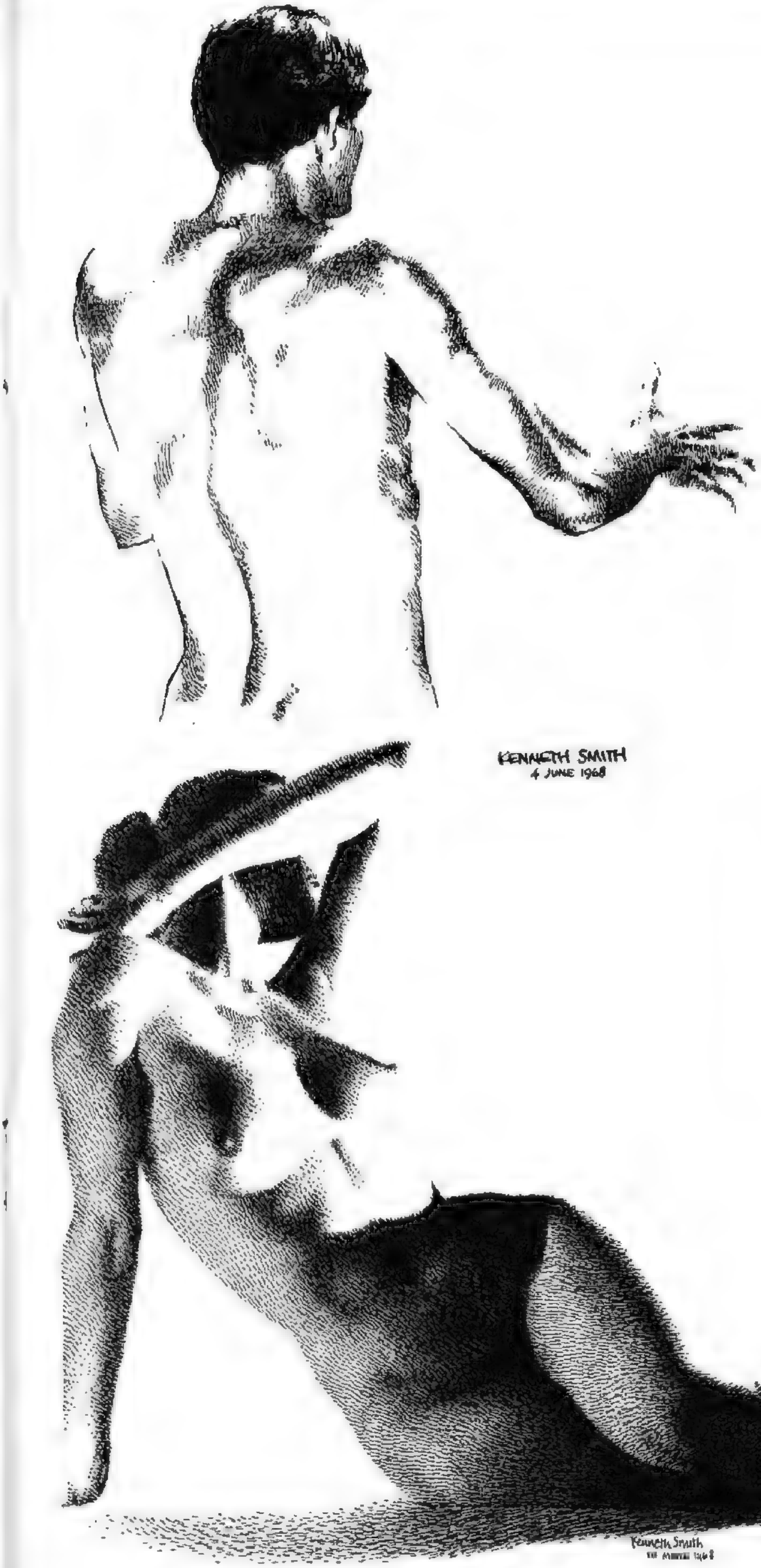
LITTLE DICKY DUCK

HAYSTACK HORNY!

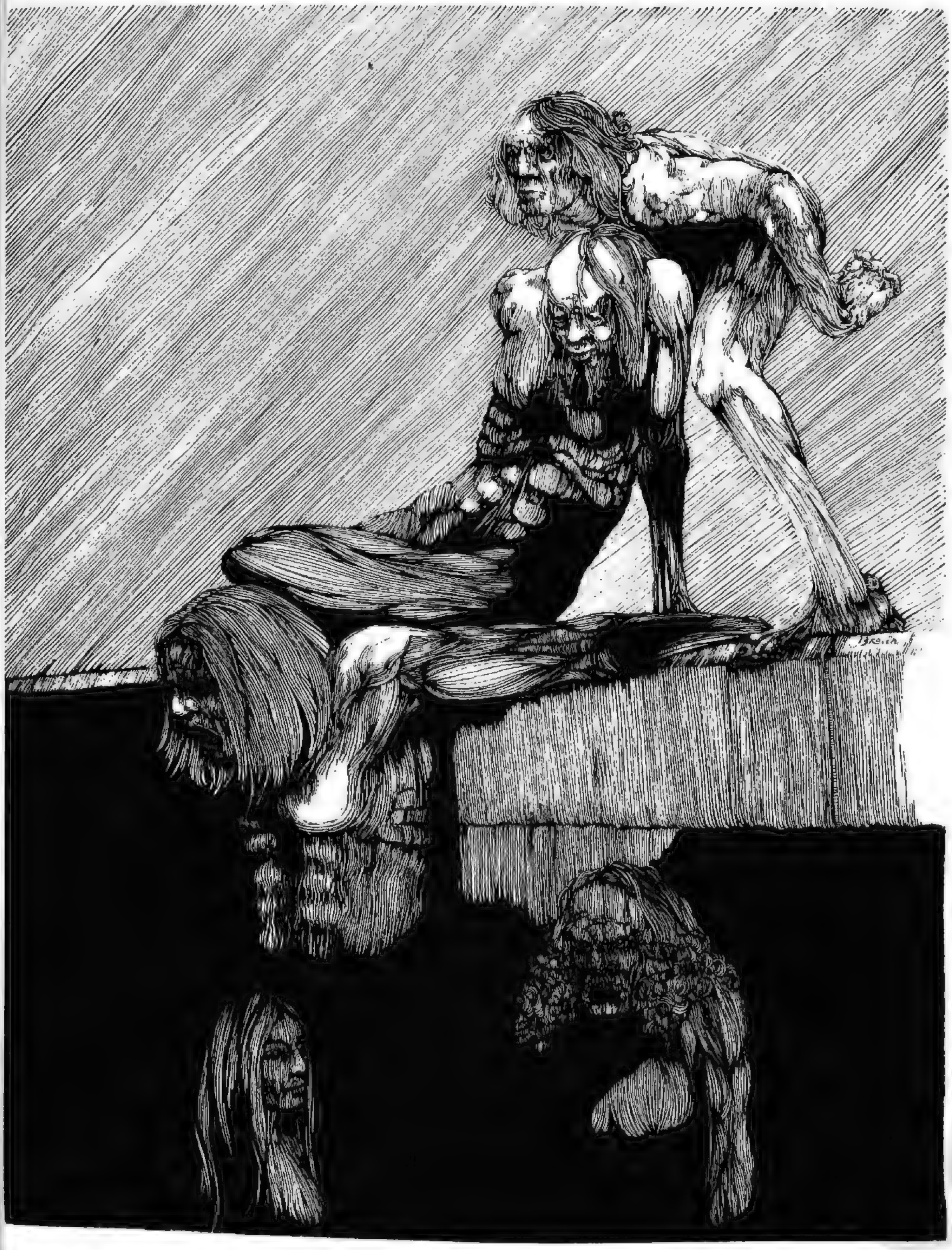
"mickey's 1930's parcheese-y game"


WALT DISNEY'S
COMICS
AND
STORIES
JUNE
1943
VOL. 3 NO. 9
10¢
BY HAND
DUCK SOUP
COMICS

"infinity #33"



KENNETH SMITH
4 JUNE 1968



No. 1

PAOPU WIND

Geo. Metzger '67

Port Frisco—thriving center of trade, gateway to the New World; the Steam Age, in this, the Second Rise of Man....Rurally, man is still tight and secular from the shock of the havoc wrought by man in great wars....but the coastal cities are plagued with a curiosity for life and knowledge.....

...into this renaissance steps Listus Varon, former shipsmate, who now looks entranced at the city and the land he has not called home for years.....

COMSTOCK

the wandering thirst for food and ideas that is the dangerous and chancy far sea trading ships, has for long, calm years seemed like his real home.....but now, he is returning to the land and its abberant, parasitic peoples to seek a lost inheritance.....

But as Listus Varon vanishes into the city and his past, another figure arrives on the commercial Steamway.....this is Garibaldi N, another blighted with the wanderlust, but not a seaman.... N is a Journeyman musician, a minstrel....

He seeks to know all things, he learns but cannot be taught. N is returning from Mexico City where an army of looters have been draining her of her last glitter of life, here he saw the many sides of man ..and, he saw the animal in himself.....

....So he has fled northwith his treasures to Port Frisco, to be reborn and, coincidentally, to show a healthy profit on his lootings..

Varon was born north from the city in the peaceful mountains from which he was drawn to the beautiful mistress Sea— but no such clean openness for N: he thrives in the dark, soul-deep shadows of the city's pulse. and it is to these shadows he now goes....to the subterranean world of the ungodly and the saintly mad... ..to waste away untill the coming of THE MAN...

NEXT: CIRCUS in the STREET

STORE

PAOPU MIND

festival!!

the Circus has come to the City and madness runs free! into this bright confusion comes Garibaldi N, seeking one known as "the Man".....

this is a gay, mad week, a holiday from the serious affair of struggling for survival—but Listus Varon sees none of it...he looks for his mountains from his one refuge, a loft on a high hill, high as an eyrie, above the city, above the people, above their confusion.....

the hills and far mountains of her dreams she once felt would be fulfilled in the moody sea trader, but over the years she saw this fade to a faint hope as she awaited his every return from the Sea, waiting for the one that would be his last.... now, like a miracle, that time has come.

Evigdalia is too happy in her contentment to notice the dark cloud over him—some spectre is drawing him on... but what does it matter? is it not drawing him to his mountains, is she not going with him to his high places? jubilantly she packs, as blind as Listus to the Circus in the Streets.....

...her name is Evigdalia...

Anyone can bring me an antique or a treasure, but find for me a whole library or a lost idea...

...those are greater things, for i am interested only in Power—i will show you: you, N have a gift you do not recognize, but allow me to put it to use and i will show you Power, N, Power!

Meanwhile, Varon and Evigdalia take a paddle boat up river on the way north... they unload at the furthest point north to continue inland. Varon believes he has found peace....

And the Circus runs on.....daily great floods of people fill a stadium to view continuous shows and games. Once she was a proud building but her best stone and brick has long since gone for other buildings..but still the people come and sit on her wooden benches....and it is here that N finds "the Man" in a private booth... he tells him of the antiques and treasures of the Old World he has for Sale....they are rejected....the Man has marked N as a tool and he would use him...so he comes cloaked in words....

DOOMED WIND #3

by geo. Metzger Sept 67

North of Port Prisco, in his native woods, Listus Varon with his woman Evigdalia arrives by the stage route in his home town. Here he expects peace and contentment.....Dark bitterness awaits...

While back in the city, at the Circus games Garibaldi N listens to "the Man" as that dark one spins his web of word talk....

Power! the thirst of it drives me on—i seek the power of ideas of men and skill! too long has this fallen world cowered in darkness—i wish to bring it from ignorance to light and prosperity—and i need skilled people.... North in the mountains is one such, a strange old one with natural powers—i must know of him...

"..and for that I will need you—your's is the nature of a wanderer you are accepted as the bringer of news and entertainment and will be welcomed in these provincial areas where any other information seeker would find only peoples backs.... go north, and you may unlock many wondrous doors...." so speaks "the Man".. and so listens N, and it agrees with his curiosity..he will go north—"..and there is one there whom I know from my past—see him but speak nothing of me or my business.... his name is Listus Varon..."

Varon has come home..but his home is now ruins and weeds. Since he was drawn away to the sea his family has wasted away, growing too old to fight the land.. ..fight to save it for... what? their children gone they died broken and lonely..the faded, broken farm is their tombstone...

But the land is Varon's and it seems to hold him with a bizarre magnetism...he will stay...and build....

Varon busies himself with adobe and lumber..... and with the end of the Circus season a battlated Garibaldi takes boat up river, bearing north.....

..While further ahead, deep in the mountains, the object of N's search, a blind old man, sits in his sanctuary—sits in a forest of mutated trees—a place of great power, mystic power, power that radiates all around the old one....

his own mental powers are reinforced more than derived by the strange, twisted trees.... here he sits waiting.....

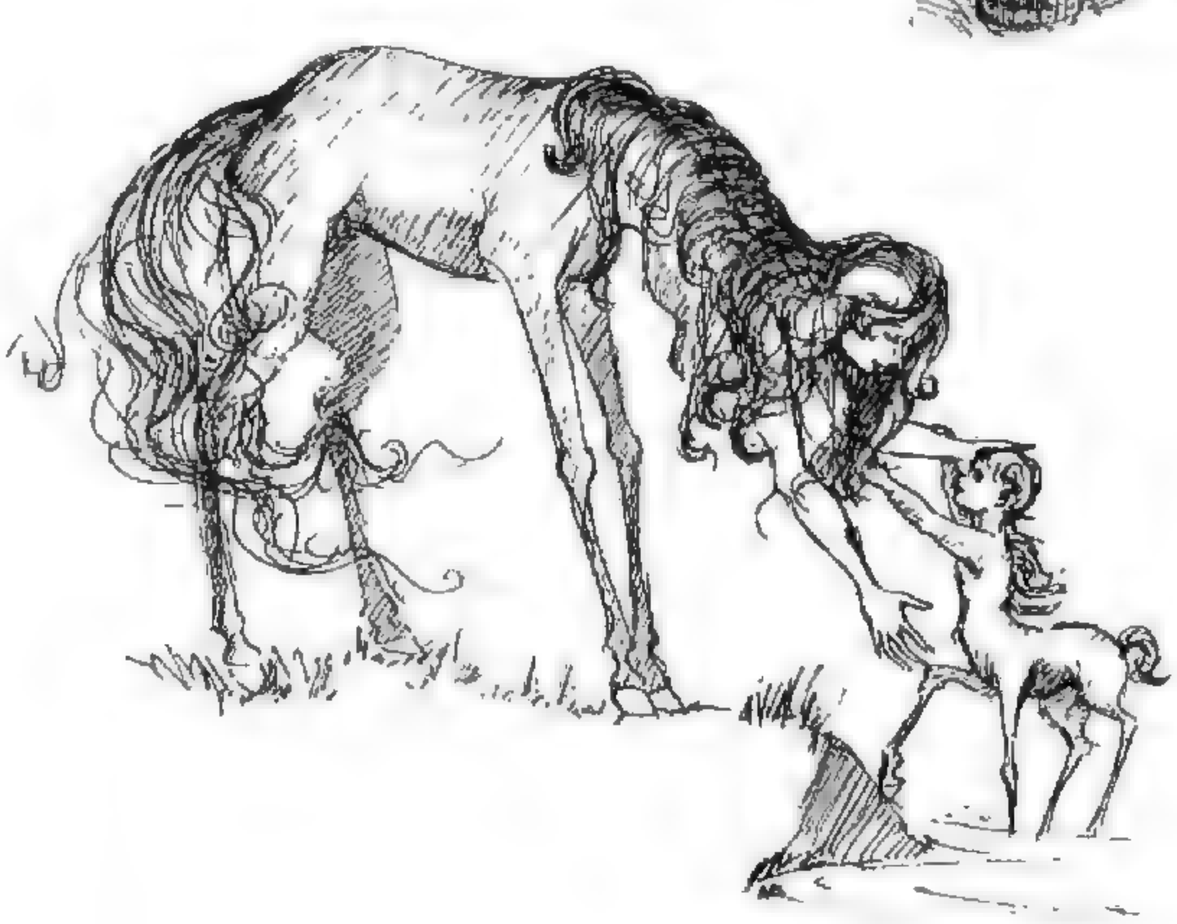
Someone is loosed upon the world—and their messenger comes.. ...lo, I see death at the end of the road.. ...death for me...

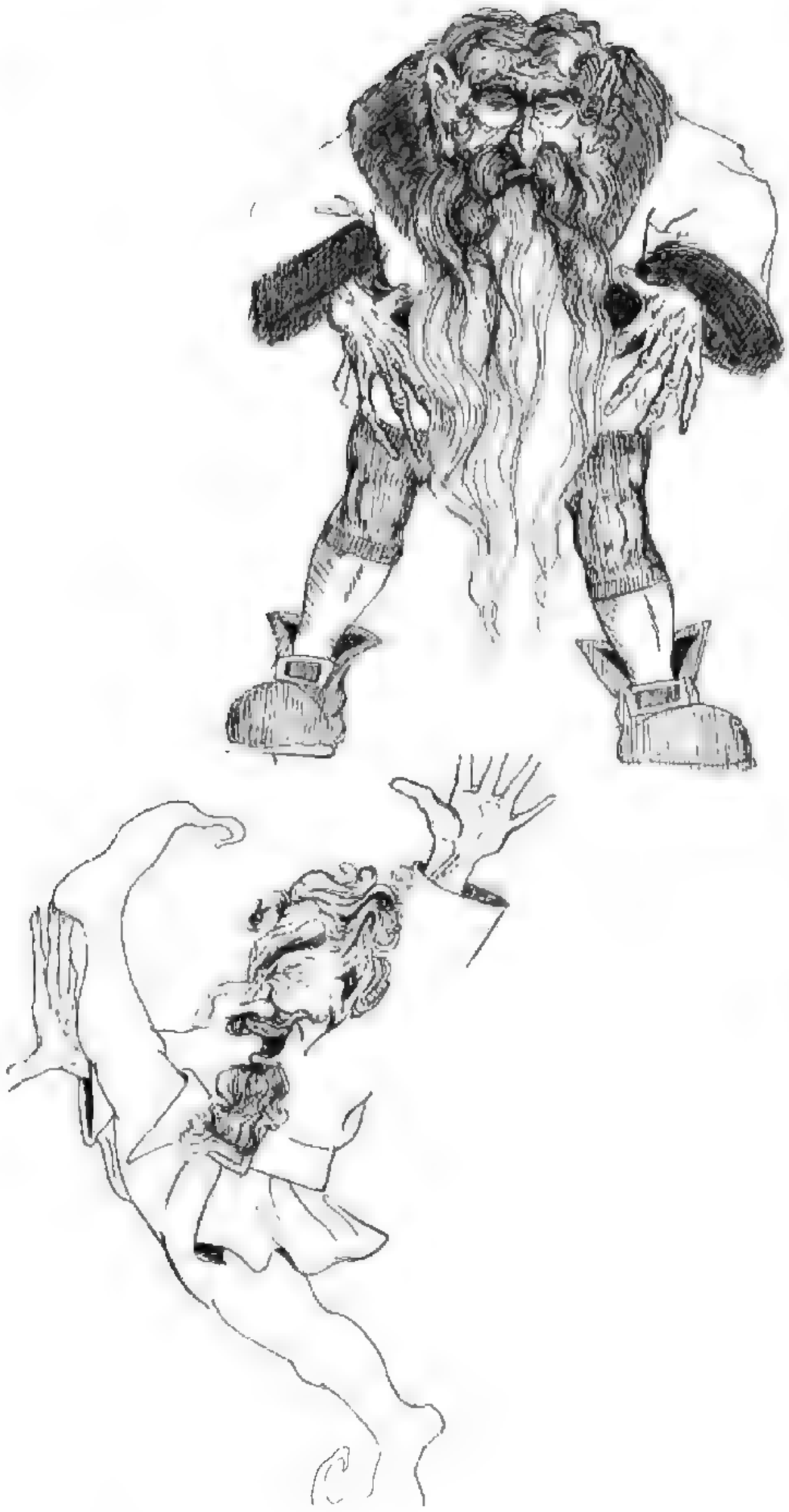
he says to no one in particular ...save perhaps the trees...

and so he sits and waits..

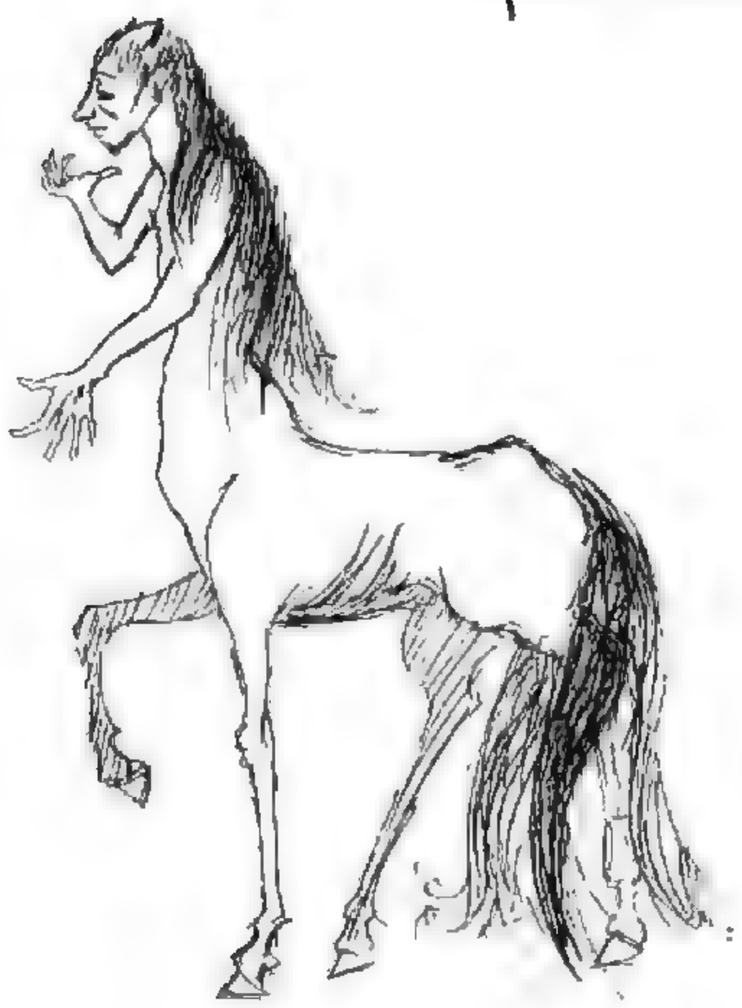
to be CONTINUED ⋮ NEXT: to build against fate....

Rick Shubb





ANNE TADEBOIS COEUR



-JUANILLO-

the dark ages; 1955 to 1960

The period of time in the history of comics after the death of E.C. in 1955 and before the rebirth of the super-hero in 1961 is probably the most neglected area of study for collectors. Prior to this period, E.C. and the horror mags reigned supreme and before them were the wonders of the Golden Age. After 1960 came the new Marvel super-heroes and a renewed impetus in comic publishing and collecting. During this dark era of 1955 to 1960 however, there was no outstanding company to act as a focal point around which artists and writers could rally to produce outstanding work. The lack of any real competition in the quality department caused the comic industry to enter a period of stagnation. Artists and writers freelanced, their work appearing seemingly at random in different companies each month. Fan interest tapered off when it became a challenge to find one's favorite artist, and even today's collectors are likely to shun the period for the same reason.

However, to the collector who spouts the phrase "because there's art in comics" (sound familiar?) and means it, the comics of this era are a neglected gold mine. It is the most challenging and exciting segment of comics. Granted, a collector can't pick up a comic from this era and know that he will find work by Williamson, Torres, Wood, Crandall, Davis, Severin, Krigstein, Elder, Kurtzman, Feldstien, Evans, Craig, Ingles, Kamen, Orlando, or any artist inside, but if their art is worth having, it's worth hunting for. This is where the challenge occurs. There is NO complete list of the work of most of these artists during the 1955 to 1960 span. New work is being discovered all of the time and will most likely continue to be found. It's been lying around waiting to be dug out of the stacks of old Atlas, Charlton, Dell, Harvey, Prize, and other companies.

This article doesn't pretend to be a complete listing of every comic that these artists appeared in, and in most cases will just list a few places to start looking, but I hope to impress upon you the volume of good art that can be found in the comic books of the "Dark Ages". By 'good art', I don't just mean ex-E.C. artists but also some of the other better artists of the time. Men like Alex Toth, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko, Russ Manning, John Buscema, Joe Maneely, Gray Morrow, Gene Colan, and Doug Wildey must be included. I will refrain from mentioning the better D.C. artists (Kubert, Moriera, Kane, Infantino, Anderson, et. al.) only because they worked primarily, and in some cases solely for that company and most collectors are well aware of the magazines that contain their art.

JOHN BUSCEMA:

First in line (alphabetically) is John Buscema. He is considered by many to be one of Marvel's most talented finds. Few fans realize that John has been illustrating comics since 1956 and possibly even earlier. This earlier work may have been in some 1955 ROY ROGERS mags, but I can't make positive identification. I can identify many of his movie titles that he drew for Dell beginning in 1956. Some of these are; THE SHARK FIGHTERS, HELEN OF TROY, THE COUNT OF MONTE CHRISTO, THE SEVEN VOYAGES OF SINBAD, HERCULES, THE VIKINGS, and SIR LANCELOT. He did some work for A.C.G. in the late Fifties. e.g. ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN #s 106 & 110 and FORBIDDEN WORLDS #s 79,82, & 87. He even appeared in some Atlas mags in '59 and '60. These were TALES TO ASTONISH #2, TALES OF SUSPENSE #3, and STRANGE WORLDS #s 3 & 4. These are not the only samples available, but the others have to be dug out of the stacks. If you want more, start looking.

SID CHECK:

Sid was never a true member of the E.C. staff, but his work showed promise. An artist in the Wood-style, he never really finalized his own and so much of his work never reflected his true potential. If you are unfamiliar with Sid's art, pick up a copy of STRANGE PLANETS #16 (1964 Super Comics reprint) and look at the "Maid Of The Mist" story. Then, if you would like to see more, look in some Atlas Comics like MARVEL TALES #147, MYSTERY TALES #54, JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY #49, and BATTLEFRONT #s 35 and 43 (#35 is fantastic). Sid also appeared in a few Charlton Western comics circa 1957. See BILLY THE KID #12. If you enjoy Wood and Frazetta art, Sid's later work was a unique combination of the two styles. Check it out.

GENE COLAN:

Gene spent all of his time at Atlas. Hundreds of Atlas mags of the period contain his art. They are easy to find and well worth collecting, especially the Western and War titles. His dynamic and bold inking style make these very different from his work today.

JOHNNY CRAIG:

Craig was one of the E.C. artists who seemed to retire from the field when that company folded. I can offer little encouragement to Craig collectors, as I know of no comics or magazines that he appeared in during the late Fifties. He did do some work in the early Sixties under the pseudonym of Jay Taycee, if that is any help.

REED CRANDALL:

Most of Crandall's work during the period appeared in Atlas Comics. There are at least thirty or more comics that contain his art. A few notable samples are; NAVY TALES #4, GUNSMOKE WESTERN #s 50 & 61, WESTERN OUTLAWS #17, CAUGHT #5, STRANGE TALES #56, TALES OF SUSPENSE #12, BATTLEFRONT #48, FRONTIER WESTERN #8, MYSTICAL TALES #4, and JUSTICE #64. His work outside of Atlas was rather limited. He assisted George Evans on a couple of Classics Illustrated issues, OLIVER TWIST and THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, and worked with Al Williamson on a strip in GUNSMOKE #10. Reed's work also appeared in the Catholic comic, TREASURE CHEST. He was a prolific contributor along with Joe Sinnott and Dick Giordano.

JACK DAVIS:

Jack Davis probably diversified more than anyone else after E.C. He and Kurtzman and Elder stuck pretty much together through HUMBUG, TRUMP, and later, HELP. These were all MAD-type magazines or comics. MAD itself was an occasional haven for Davis during that period. His comic work was rather limited. The early issues of THE FLY (Archie Adventure Series) featured some Davis art and also some of his inks. He did do a few comics for Atlas, mostly Westerns. A few places he's turned up are; TWO-GUN KID #s 45-47, KID COLT #87, WYATT EARP #25, GUNSMOKE WESTERN #55, BATTLE #s 49,66, & 67, and TALES TO ASTONISH #1.

A lot of Davis' work during the "Dark Ages" was commercial. He did cartoons for the back of baseball cards, greeting cards, movie posters, and advertisements. He can still be found in many of these areas as well as TV Guide covers, record album covers, and posters. Not only was Jack the most diversified but also the most prolific. If you're a Davis completist, you have a lot to discover.

STEVE DITKO:

Ditko fans should check out Charlton Science-Fiction and Horror mags and Atlas comics from 1956 on. His better work appeared in Atlas, but he was so prolific in Charlton that many beautiful samples of his work are available there.

WILL ELDER:

Where Kurtzman went, Elder followed. As with Davis, Elder can be found in HUMbug, TRUMP, HELP, and later LITTLE ANNIE FANNY.

GEORGE EVANS:

Most of Evans' art after 1955 is found in Classics Illustrated. When they began to redraw and reissue some of the earlier titles, George was quite prominently represented. His work appears in the following titles; LORD JIM, ROMEO AND JULIET, THE LITTLE SAVAGE, THE THREE MUSKETEERS, IN THE REIGN OF TERROR, BEN HUR, THE CRISIS, OLIVER TWIST, and many issues of THE WORLD AROUND US series. He also drew some Dell FROGMEN and a few one-shot movie titles like HERCULES UNCHAINED and THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD.

AL FELDSTEIN:

When Harvey Kurtzman left as editor of MAD, Feldstein took over and has worked exclusively in that capacity ever since.

GRAHAM INGLES:

If you are interested in the Ingles story, I suggest that you read the Gaines interview in Spa Fon #5. Suffice it to say that he never worked in comics after E.C. with the exception of WATERLOO for Classics Illustrated.

JACK KAMEN:

After E.C., Jack went into commercial art. His only comic exposure was in MAD #29 in 1956.

JACK KIRBY:

Jack was, and still is, one of the most productive and dynamic artists of all time. His art during the 1955-1960 era was spread over almost every company publishing, with the exception of Charlton and Dell. It was also marked by a variety of inkers, each lending his own personal touch to Kirby's pencils. A unique example of this occured in one issue of YELLOW CLAW comics (Atlas-1955). The whole issue was a Kirby/Severin combination that defies description. They have never teamed up since and that one issue has to be a collector's landmark. In 1955 Kirby's art could be found in Prize Comics, notably FIGHTING AMERICAN. This Simon/Kirby effort

was short-lived (seven issues) and one of the few new super-heroes to be introduced at the time. 1955 also saw the reprinting of the S & K hero of the Forties, Stuntman in THRILLS OF TOMORROW, a Western Tales publication. Western Tales, Inc. also published, oddly enough, WESTERN TALES with Kirby art throughout many issues. Another Western Tales mag, ALARMING TALES #3, had a Kirby strip and three strips done by Doug Wildey. Definitely worth having! Jack's work in the Romance comics of the period should also be noted.

In 1957, Kirby went to D.C. and worked in HOUSE OF SECRETS (early issues up to #15), HOUSE OF MYSTERY (various issues in the #s 60s through 80s), TALES OF THE UNEXPECTED (#s 10s thru 20s), WORLD'S FINEST (96-98), ADVENTURE COMICS (Green Arrow stories circa issues 255 and 256), SHOWCASE-CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN (#s 7,11, & 12), and the first eight issues of THE CHALLENGERS' own mag. Issues 4 thru 7 had some added attractions in the form of inks by Wally Wood. The two were working together on SKY MASTERS, a daily newspaper strip, at the time and the same quality was reflected there as could be found in the CHALLENGERS mags they collaborated on.

During this same period, '57-'58, Kirby was active in the Archie Adventure Series working on THE ADVENTURES OF THE FLY (#s 1 & 2) and THE DOUBLE LIFE OF PRIVATE STRONG (#s 1 & 2). Back at Western Tales, Inc., Jack teamed up with Al Williamson to produce two of the finest comics to emerge during the "Dark Ages", RACE FOR THE MOON #s 2 & 3. Kirby's bold and dynamic pencils enhanced and refined by the softening, fine-line brush of Williamson made the books instant classics. More of the same can be seen in THE THREE ROCKETEERS published by Harvey in '65. The strips are not reprints but must be material that was shelved when RACE FOR THE MOON folded.

Of course, Kirby was also prominant in any and all Atlas mags after 1958. His art began to appear quite regularly in 1959 and he played no favorites with subject matter. Horror, Science-Fiction, War, Western, and even Romance titles contained his work. Kirby's art is easy to find, easy to look at, inexspensive, and definitely worth collecting.

BERNIE KRIGSTEIN:

Bernie was one of the mavericks at E.C. According to Bill Gaines (Spa Fon #5), his inovative breakdowns caused consternation even then. After E.C. he went to Atlas and created some of the most uniquely designed stories of his career. Try to imagine a four (4) page strip containing upwards to seventy-five (75) panels. A master of the graphic story, Bernie's stories flowed rhythmically with a pace that he controlled completely. For some examples see; STRANGE TALES #s 59 & 61, ASTONISHING # 45, WORLD OF FANTASY #9, MYSTERY TALES #39, UNCANNY TALES #s 42 & 56, JOURNEY INTO UNKNOWN WORLDS #43. There are over twenty more from the same period, each one a study in storyboard breakdown worthy of Eisner or Kurtzman. His art is no longer available because he is now devoting his time to fine art. The only other samples of his work are to be found in MAD magazine #s 24 & 26.

HARVEY KURTZMAN:

Kurtzman's sense of satire has been his greatest asset as well as his most serious drawback. His magazines sold well to the more intelligent readers who were able to appreciate his incisive humor, but the vast majority of his work was over the heads of the average reader. The founder of MAD, Kurtzman tried unsuccessfully to recreate the magazine in a different form but with MAD's original premise of satire. HUMBUG, TRUMP, THE KURTZMAN JUNGLE BOOK, and the first few issues of HELP are the only samples of his work available from that era. HUMBUG lasted eleven issues and TRUMP only two. TRUMP was published by Hugh Hefner who soon discovered that sex sells better than satire. Kurtzman found that if you incorporate the two, as he did later in HELP and LITTLE ANNIE FANNY, at least you have a chance.

JOE MANEELY:

Joe Maneely is probably one of the most under-rated artists of the '55 to '60 era. His work has appeared in literally hundreds of Atlas comics as well as some Charlton Westerns and D.C. Science-Fiction titles. If you have seen the BLACK KNIGHT reprints that Marvel ran, you will realize just how great an artist Joe was.

RUSS MANNING:

Russ' art first appeared in TARZAN #39 when he took over THE BROTHERS OF THE SPEAR feature from Jesse Marsh. He drew the strip continuously until 1966 and provided the collector with an unparalleled opportunity to study the style developement of a great artist. Other places to find Manning art are Dell WYATT EARP mags, RAWHIDE, 77 SUNSET STRIP, and movie titles like BEN HUR.

GRAY MORROW:

Look for Morrow in Classics Illustrated and THE WORLD AROUND US. The other source of Morrow art is Atlas. e.g. MYSTERY TALES #50 and STRANGE TALES #57.

JOE ORLANDO:

Joe's work was divided between MAD, Classics Illustrated, and Atlas. A few Orlando appearances in Atlas were in; MARVEL TALES #s 149 & 151, WORLD OF FANTASY #s 8,13, & 14, BATTLE #47, G.I. TALES #6, and MYSTIC #s 57 & 61.

JOHN SEVERIN:

Severin diversified after E.C. almost as much as Jack Davis. His art appeared in MAD, CRACKED, SICK, SNAFU (Atlas' short-lived MAD), Prize Comics, Atlas, Charlton, and Classics Illustrated. He practically started CRACKED magazine and has been a constant contributor ever since 1957. For Charlton he did a few CHEYENNE KID mags (circa #24) and a couple of other titles. His work for Prize was rather interesting. A few issues of FARGO KID, although drawn by John, were signed with the pseudonym 'Le Poer', but the cover was signed 'J. Severin'. Another issue of PRIZE COMIC WESTERN (#113) featured a unique team-up with Al Williamson. One of the stories was drawn by John and inked by Williamson while another was drawn by Al and John did the inking. It's a fascinating concept in style merging. He did countless covers for Atlas and at least thirty (30) or forty (40) interior strips. Severin is another artist whose work is not difficult to find and is seldom over-priced. Get it.

ANGELO TORRES:

Torres wasn't at E.C. long enough to produce any great volume of work and at the time he had yet to develop his style. After E.C., Angelo transferred to Atlas and produced at least thirty-five strips for them. His style finalized into a beautiful combination of Frazetta, Williamson, and Torres that always managed to come off as 100% Torres. For some excellent examples see QUICK-TRIGGER WESTERN #s 13-15, CAUGHT #3, WAR #43, and MYSTICAL TALES #s 6 & 7.

ALEX TOTH:

Mr. Toth spent most of his time at Dell Publications doing seemingly inoculous titles like RANGE RIDER, DALE EVANS, and other TV and movie mags.

DOUG WILDEY:

I thought that I was going to have to convince you to turn on to Wildey's art, but since he did a few recent TARZANs (1969) and Marvel just reprinted his OUTLAW KID, that's already been done. Look to Harvey and Atlas for more, and look closely. Some of Wildey's art has appeared on lists as purported Williamson work. A case in point is the last story in THRILL-O-RAMA #1 (1965). That's Wildey, not Williamson.

AL WILLIAMSON:

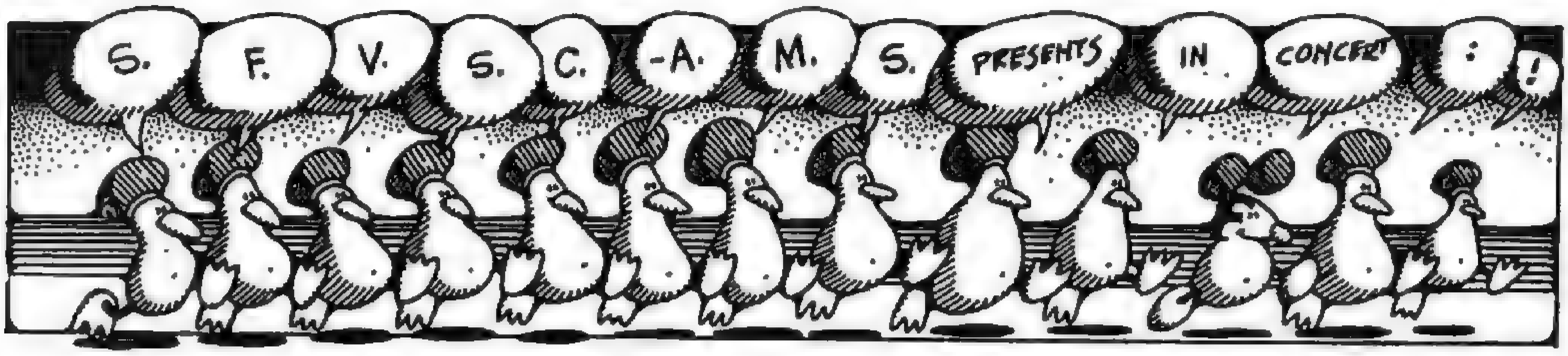
There is much to be said concerning Williamson's art during this era, but I'm foing to forego any dissertation and merely offer you a list of every comic that I know of that contained his work from 1955 to 1960. This is definitely not a complete list, but I feel that it is fairly comprehensive.

Atlas Comics	Nos.	Atlas (cont.)	Nos.	Charlton Comics	Nos.
FRONTIER WESTERN	2,3	JANN OF THE JUNGLE	16,17	CHEYENNE KID	10-12,14
WESTERN KID	9,10	WYATT EARP	2,7,12	SIX-GUN HEROES	vol.4,no.46
RINGO KID	13	WILD WESTERN	18,34,48,54	COWBOY WESTERN	67 (w/Fraz.)
COWBOY WESTERN	11	TWO-GUN KID	25,30,51	CAICO KID (Mexican)	8,9
SIX-GUN WESTERN	2,3,7	OUTLAW KID	8,10,18	VALOR DEL OESTE (")	4
WESTERN OUTLAWS	11,14	KID COLT, OUTLAW	59,60,88,89	Dell Comics	Nos.
TWO-GUN WESTERN	9	GUNSMOKE WESTERN	3,33,36,40	GUNSMOKE	8-10
MATT SLADE	1,7	MYSTERY TALE	44,46,48,51	CADET GRAY OF THE WEST POINT	
BATTLE	55,67	TALES OF SUSPENSE	1,4	A.C.G. Comics	Nos.
BATTLEFRONT	40,42	TALES TO ASTONISH	5	FORBIDDEN WORLDS	63,76,78
NAVY COMBAT	17	JOURNEY INTO MYST.	39,43,44,54	ADV. INTO UNKN.	91,96,107,110
NAVY TALES	2	WORLD OF SUSPENSE	3	Miscellaneous	Nos.
MARVEL TALES	144	ASTONISHING	57,60	ALARMING TALES	6
MYSTICAL TALES	5	UNKNOWN WORLDS	45,48,55,59	CRACKED MAGAZINE	1
STRANGE WORLDS	4	MYSTIC	60	PRIZE WESTERN	113
WORLD OF FANTASY	2,16	UNCANNY TALES	51	EERIE MAGAZINE	1(not Warren)
STRANGE SUSPENSE	8	STRANGE TALES	58,64	RACE FOR THE MOON	2,3
UNUSUAL	3	BATTLEGROUND	11,13,18	just to name a few!	

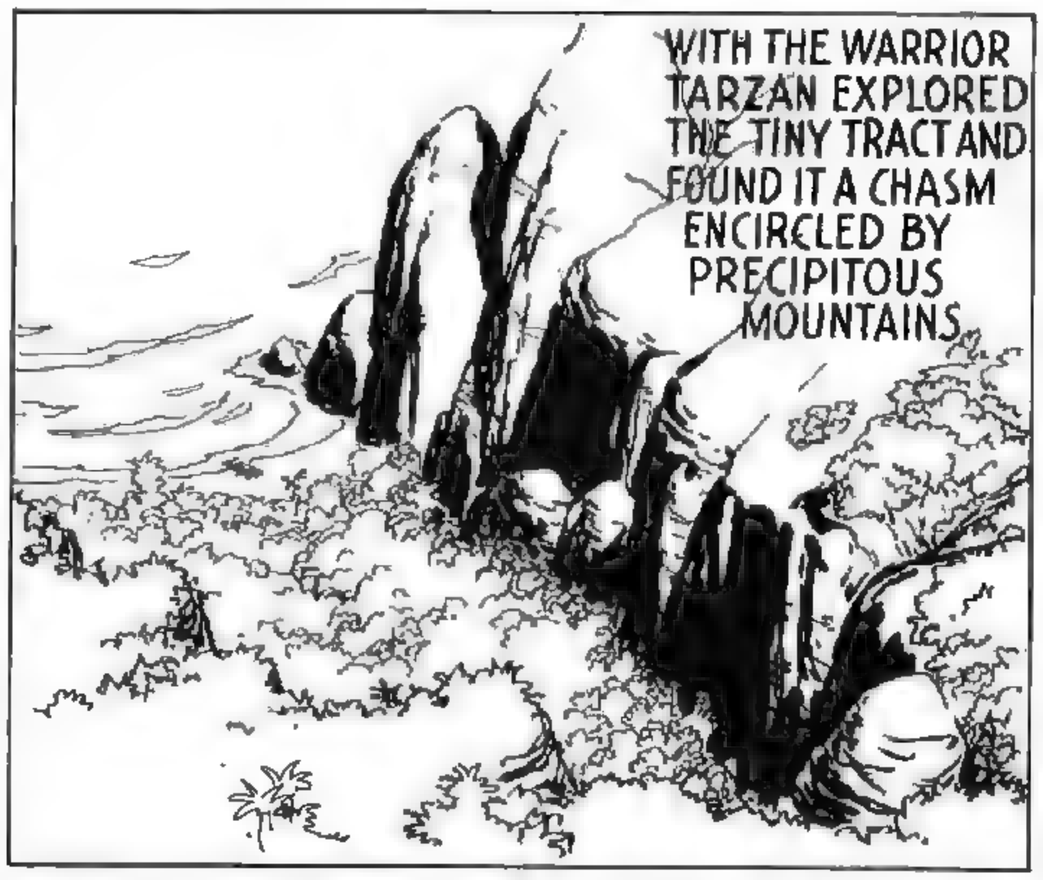
WALLACE WOOD:

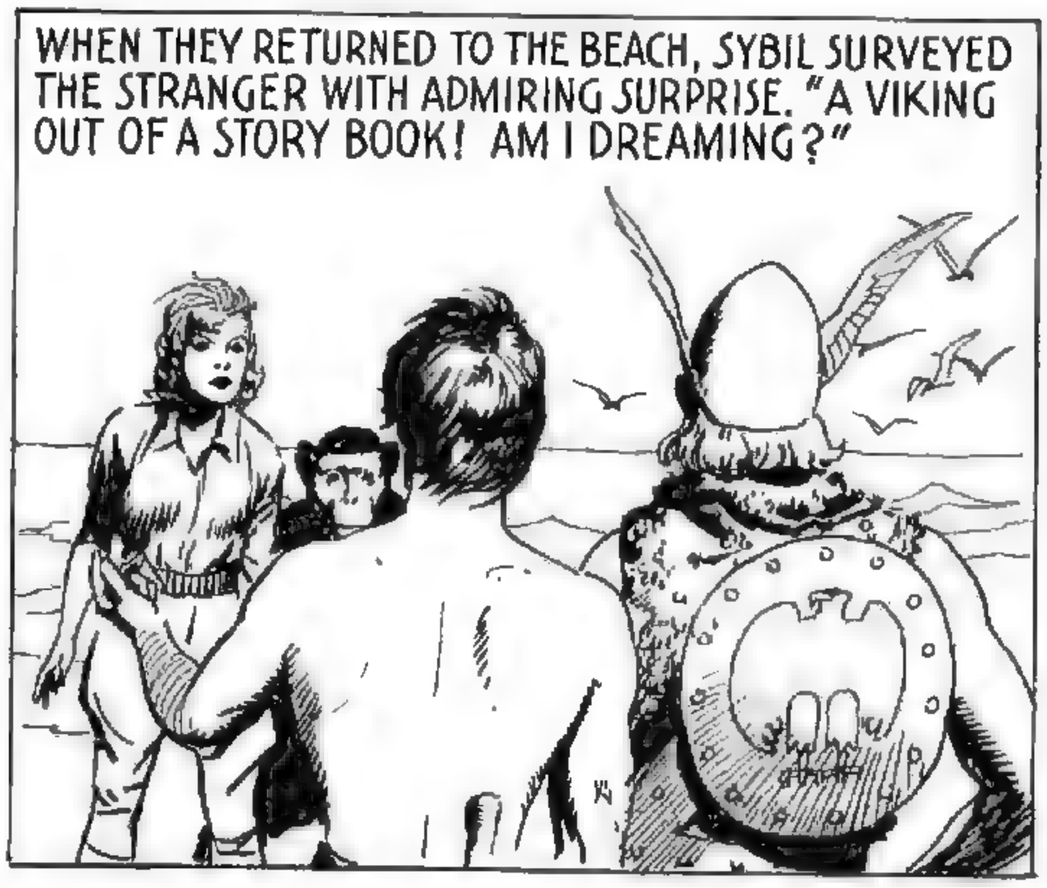
Wood's art can be found in MAD magazine, GALAXY magazine, a few hardcover dustjackets, four Galaxy paperback covers, TRUMP #1, SKY MASTERS newspaper strip (w/Kirby), THE CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN #s 4-7 (w/Kirby), JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY #51 (w/Kirby), JOURNEY INTO UNKNOWN WORLDS #51, TOM EDISON BOY INVENTOR (35 illus.), and numerous cartoons in men's magazines around 1958-1960.

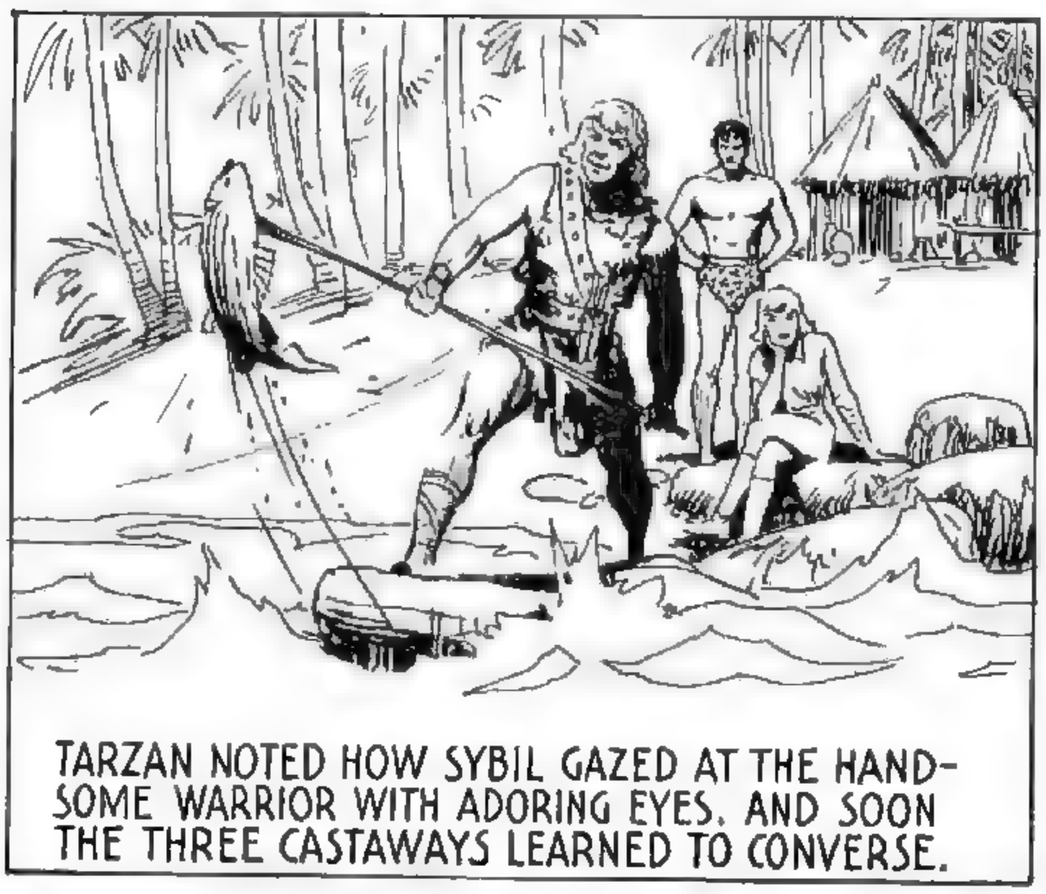
POSTER PRODUCED AND DESIGNED BY PINNACLE



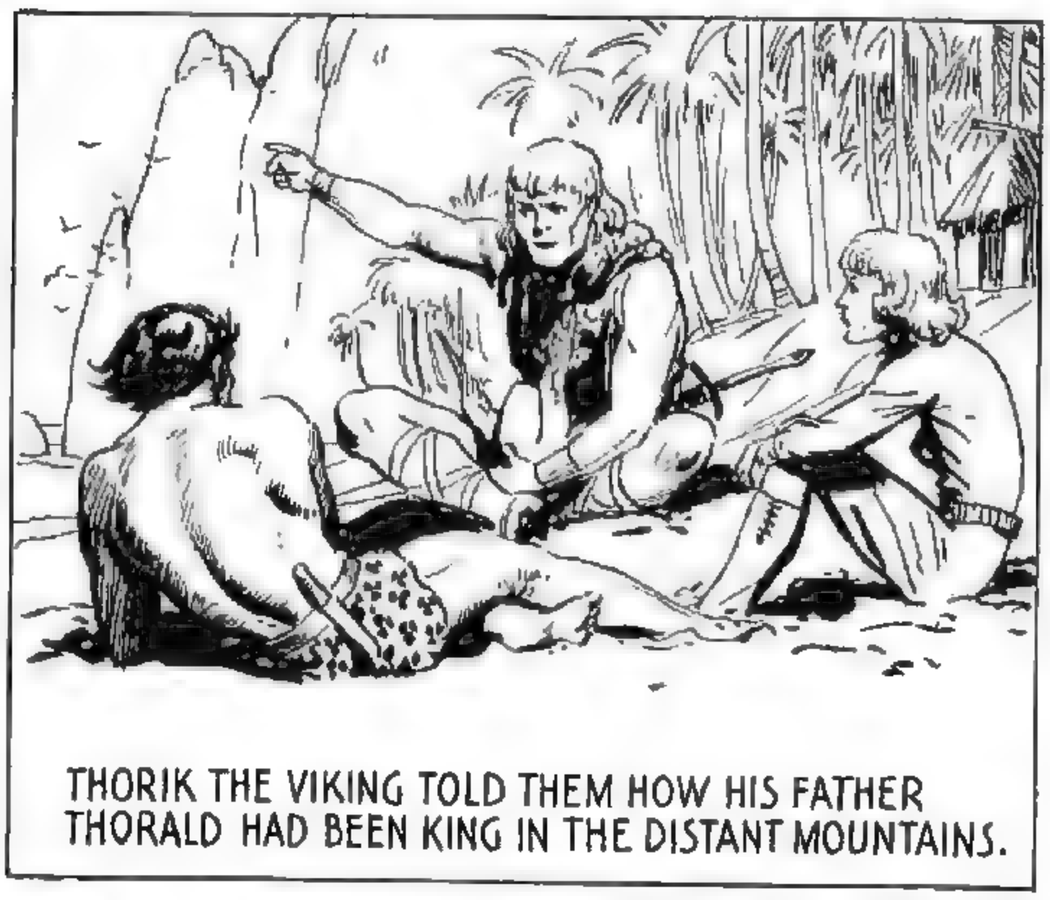
Tarzan



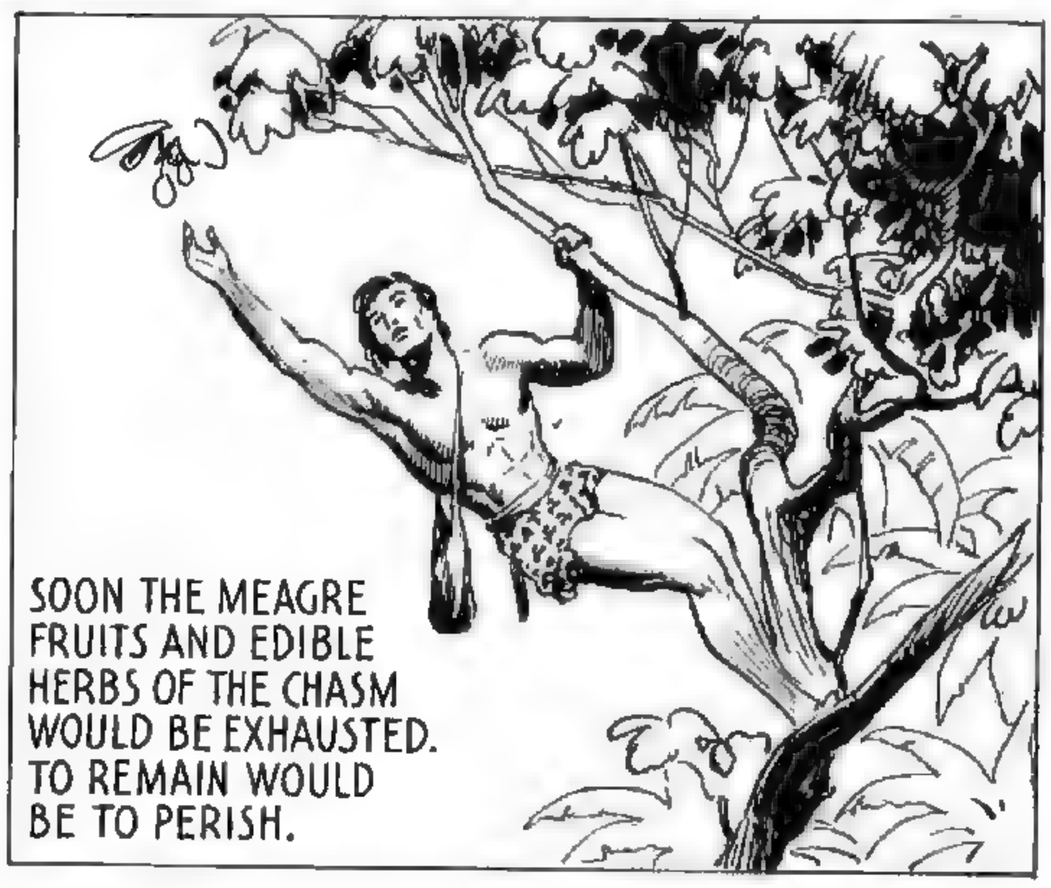

WHEN THEY RETURNED TO THE BEACH, SYBIL SURVEYED THE STRANGER WITH ADMIRING SURPRISE. "A VIKING OUT OF A STORY BOOK! AM I DREAMING?"

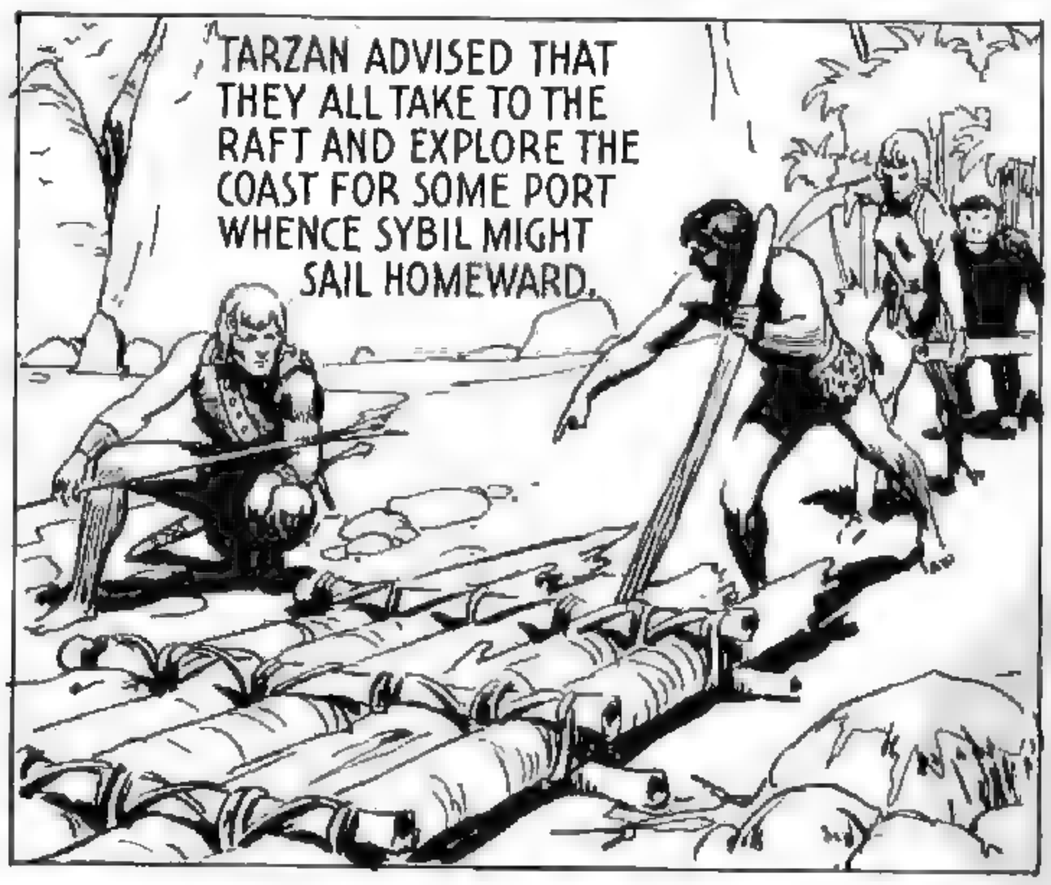


TARZAN NOTED HOW SYBIL GAZED AT THE HANDSOME WARRIOR WITH ADORING EYES. AND SOON THE THREE CASTAWAYS LEARNED TO CONVERSE.



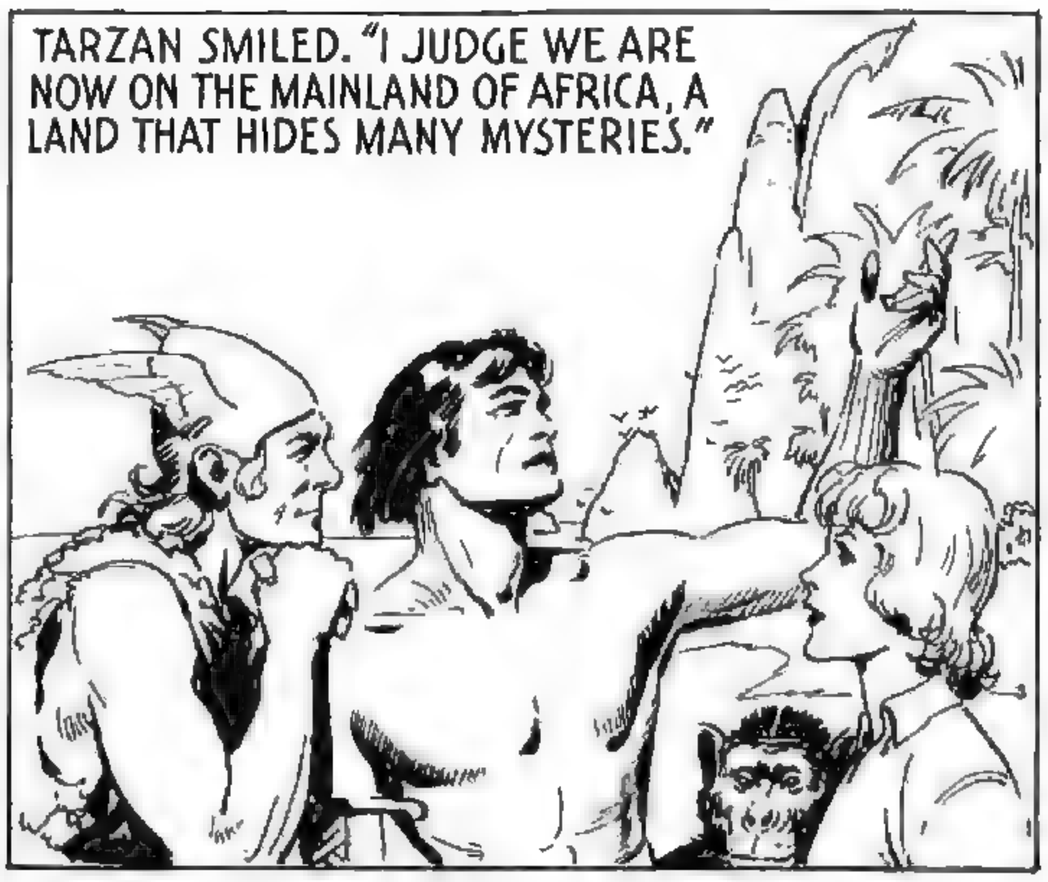
THORIK THE VIKING TOLD THEM HOW HIS FATHER THORALD HAD BEEN KING IN THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS.

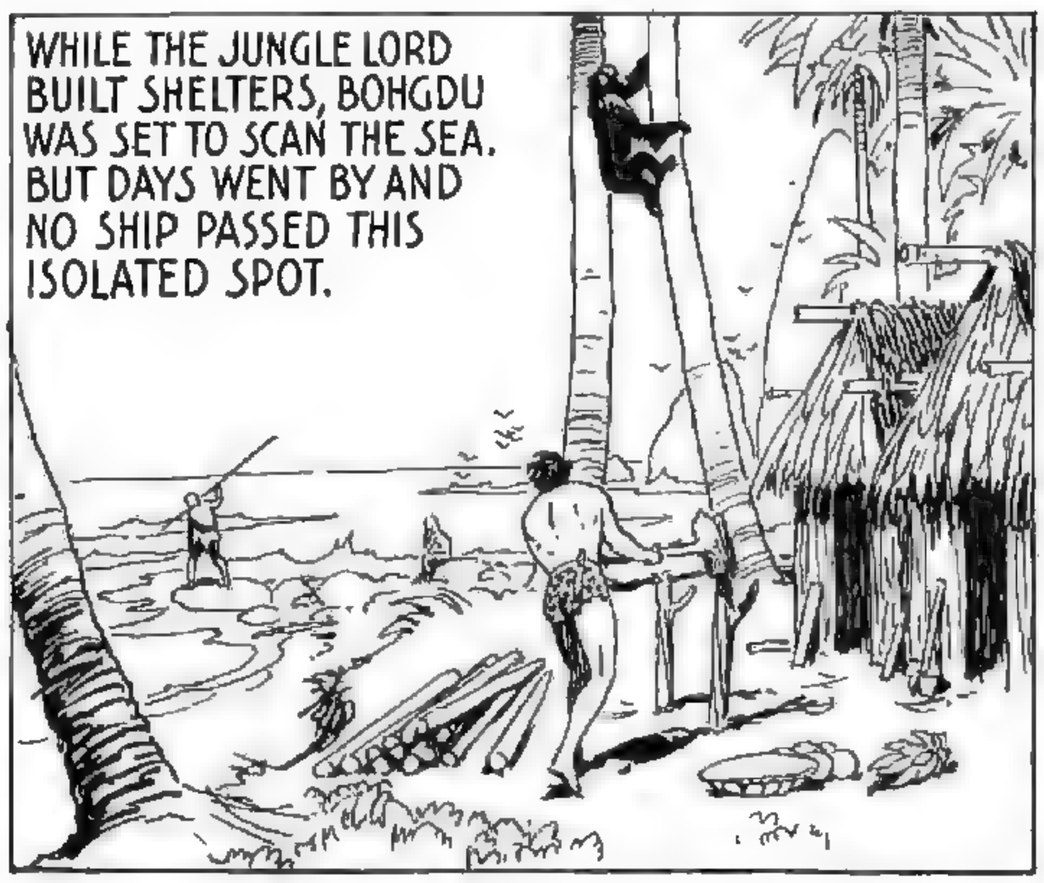


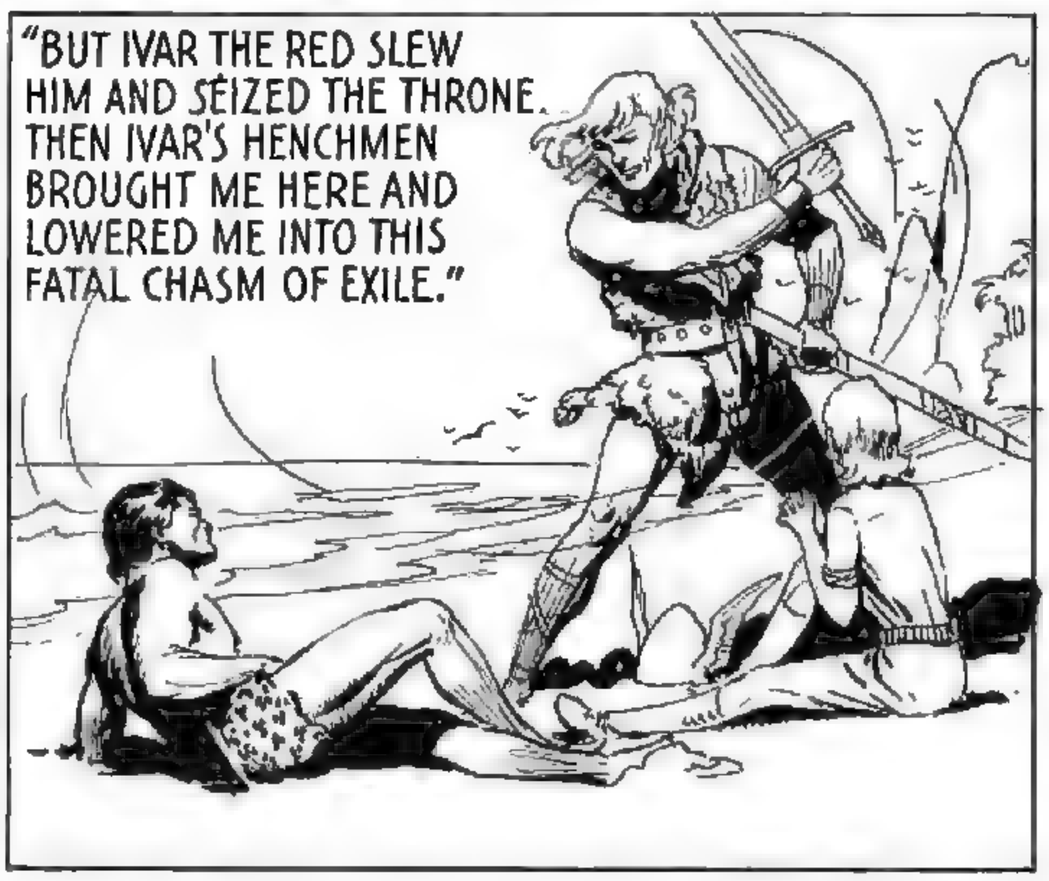


by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

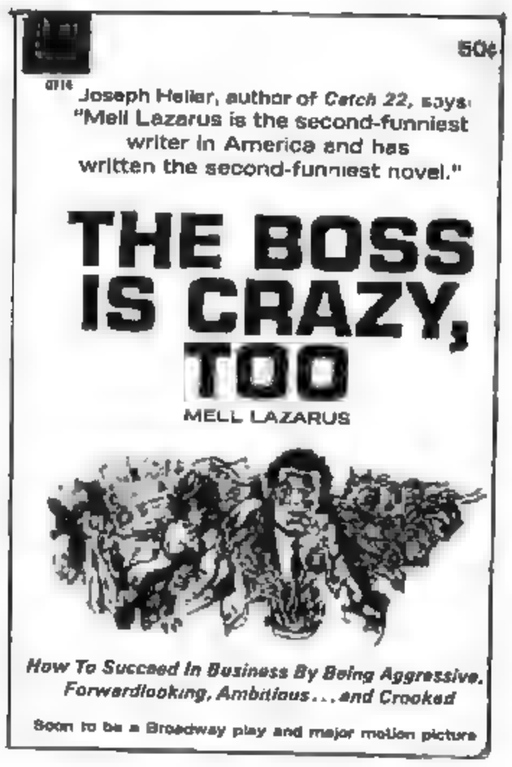
CRASH OF EXILE






"BUT IVAR THE RED SLEW HIM AND SEIZED THE THRONE. THEN IVAR'S HENCHMEN BROUGHT ME HERE AND LOWERED ME INTO THIS FATAL CHASM OF EXILE."

THORIK ANSWERED: "I SHALL REMAIN, FOR I HAVE VOWED TO AVENGE MY FATHER'S DEATH AND HAZARD MY LIFE IN RECLAIMING THE THRONE FROM HIS SLAYER!"


50¢
Joseph Heller, author of Catch 22, says:
"Mell Lazarus is the second-funniest writer in America and has written the second-funniest novel."
THE BOSS IS CRAZY, TOO
MELL LAZARUS
How To Succeed In Business By Being Aggressive, Forwardlooking, Ambitious...and Crooked
Soon to be a Broadway play and major motion picture

THE BOSS IS CRAZY, TOO

(A Review By: Parley L. Holman)

There must be something to a book if it can be re-read six times in five years and still remain funny. THE BOSS IS CRAZY, TOO by Mell Lazarus is such a book, and I'm the guy who knows it pretty well by now.

Lazarus is the creator/cartoonist of "Miss Peach", a syndicated comic strip which is very well received by the newspaper reading public. He's gone a step further with his book. It's about the world of schlock publishing -- the people who put out the cheap rags found on any newstand -- the true crime, men's adventures, and yes, comic book end of the industry.

Fulton J. Fineman, one of the two main characters, is the grafting, conniving, black humor publisher. Legend has it that he was expelled from Yale for urinating on the Dean's head from a dormitory fire-escape, but in the book's present tense he goes over the heads of his silent partners to buy and re-sell a paper mill at a fantastic profit. If his partners find out, he'll be sent up for a spell in Sing Sing.

The other main character is Carson Hemple, a schnook of an art director for the comic book line. He doesn't know how to steal from the boss, lie, badger or blackmail for a raise, or even cheat on his wife.

In order for Fineman to conceal his graft, he has to make Fineman Publications go broke by December 31st. Poor jerk Hemple is picked to do the job of spending as much of Fineman's money as possible, as quickly as possible. His methods? Long distant phone calls to Norman Rockwell to do a comic book called "POOPY THE BEAR"; kickbacks; paying exorbinant royalties to celebrities for the rights to use titles like "TOOTS SHORE ADVENTURE COMICS"; etc.

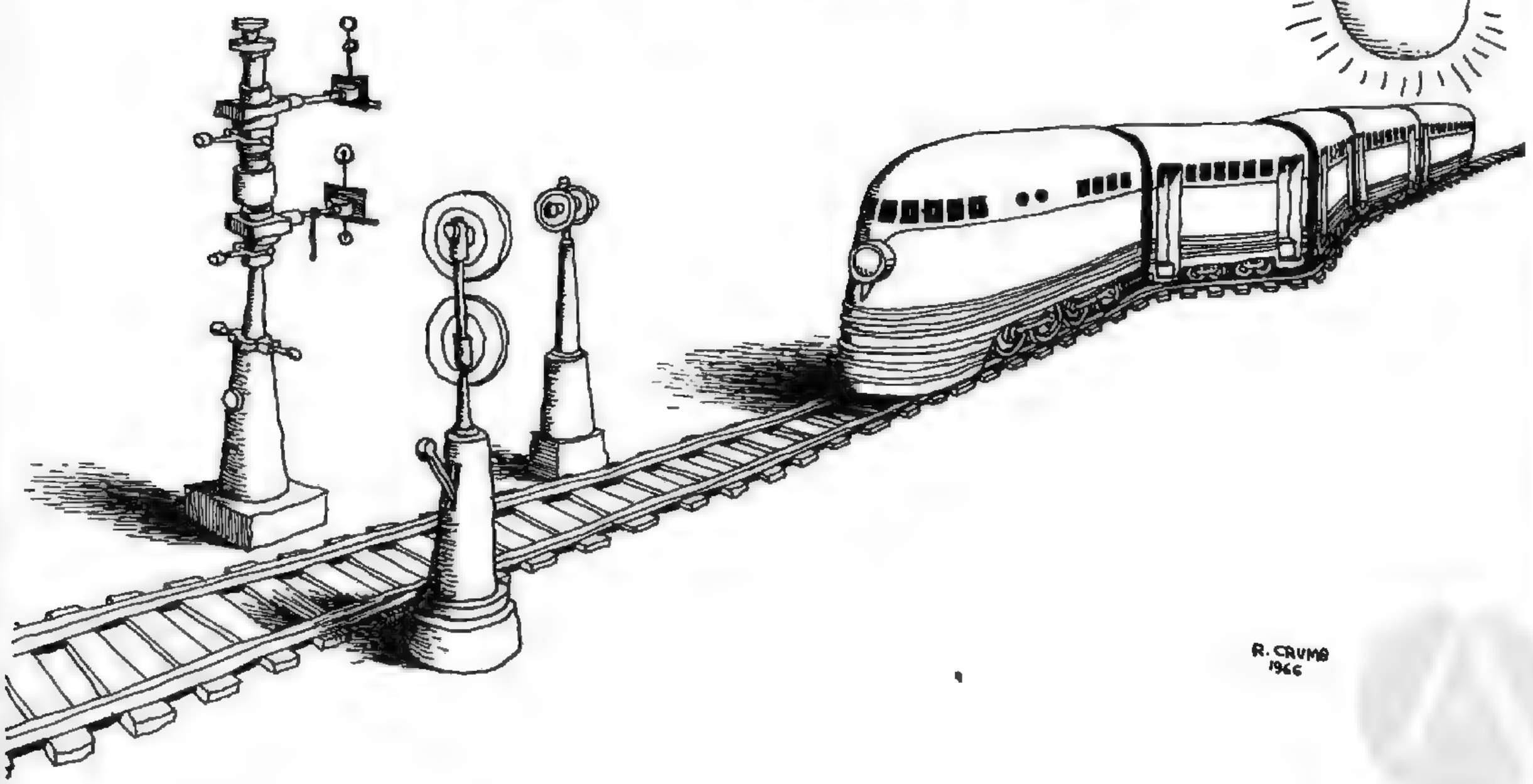
A plot like this is enough for any book, but Lazarus has populated the novel with a cast of zanies usually only seen in CATCH-22 or GASCOYNE. The scenes depicting the chicanery of the bull-pen artists or Fineman's own incredible practical jokes are some of the best in modern literature.

The whole thing is a great parody on the real world, but my favorite above all else is the list of publications Fineman puts out. For example; PSYCHIC PSUBTLETIES MONTHLY, WEREWOLF FUN COMICS, COMMUNIST LOVE TALES, and BACK ROW MOVIE ROMANCES. What more could you ask for? How about some of the projected Fineman titles; MURIEL TRAIN, GIRL BORAX DRIVER or TRUE DOCTOR RAPE CASES.

To a comic fan, THE BOSS IS CRAZY, TOO is doubly funny. Books like it are extremely rare. It's great reading the first time; the trouble is, it just keeps getting better every time, and after six times, well.... why stop now?

PHOTO: Joel Deutsch

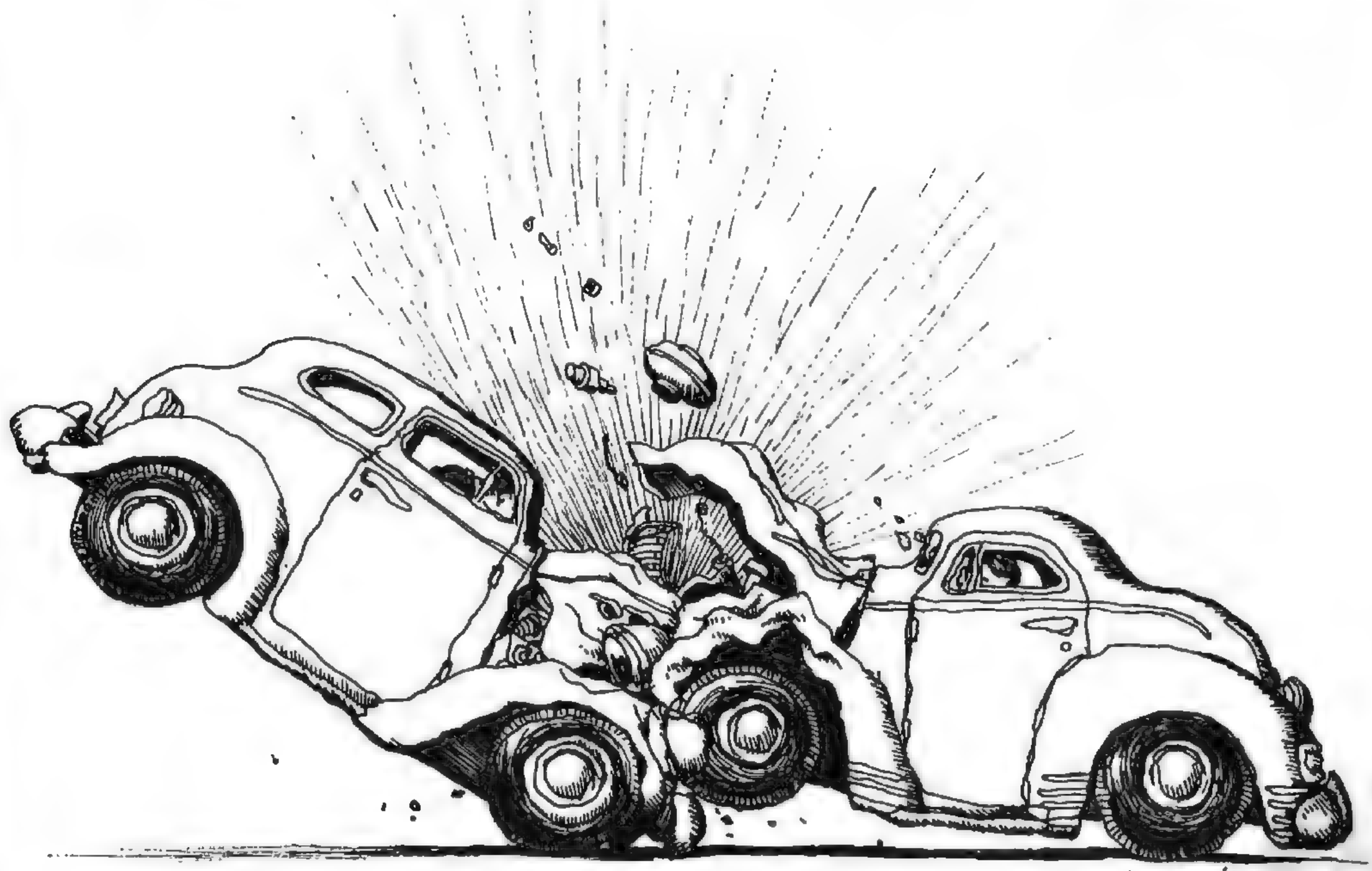
robert crumb



163RD ST.
507
GOING DOWNTOWN
ON THE STREETCAR - R. CRUMB '66

R. CRUMB '66

R. CRUMB '66



R. CRUMB-'66

Erotic Fantasy In Comics

The comic strip was given birth and brought to adolesence in America, but comics, along with films, had to be brought to maturity by countries with a more sophisticated viewpoint in sexual matters than we Americans have had. About the only thing the Americans have contributed to erotic fantasy in comics is Frank Springer's "Phoebe Zeit-Geist", a rather sick strip drawn in a realistic pop style; with no new breakthroughs in style or panel breakdown.

Erotic fantasy in comics has been widely accepted all over the world. France has been the leader, with "Barbabella" having the distinction of being the first successful book of this nature.

There is now available to fans of this literature, a wide range of selections; from French to Japanese examples.

On the following pages I am going to endeavor to show some samples and make a few comments on them.

Al Davoren

MEXICO

While these two examples are not from books strictly for adults, they show how a much f r e e r attitude exists in foreign countries. Scenes such as this haven't been seen in the United States since t h e Comics Code went into effect. The two examples are from LEGIONARIOS DEL ESPACIO (a b o v e), and DELTA 99 (right). While n o t dealing in straight eroticism, they feature scantily clad girls in exotic costumes with plenty o f bizzare situations.

¿QUIÉNES SON USTEDES?

¿MALDITAS SOMBRAS?

¡LÚ, AMOR! ¿QUIÉN?

¡AGGHHH!

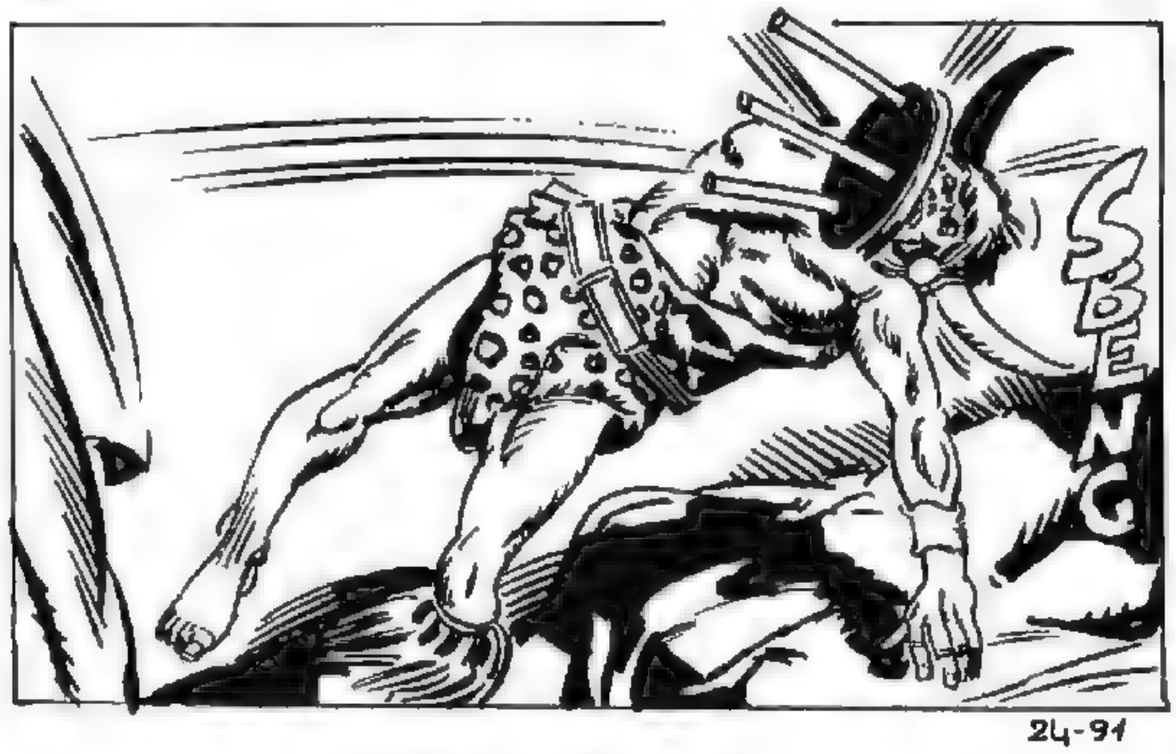
PERO AQUELLA ESCENA NO PERTENECÍA AL PASADO, SINO A UN PRESENTE MUY DESAGRADABLE PARA LA BELLA LÚ...

¡LO SIENTO, HERMOSA ESPÍA, TÚ TAMBIÉN VAS A MORIR!

DESPUÉS, LA OBSCURIDAD ABSOLUTA...

EN LAS AGENCIAS DE CORREOS, EXISTE EL SERVICIO DE VALES POSTALES. UTILÍCELO USTED

24-90



24-91

ITALY

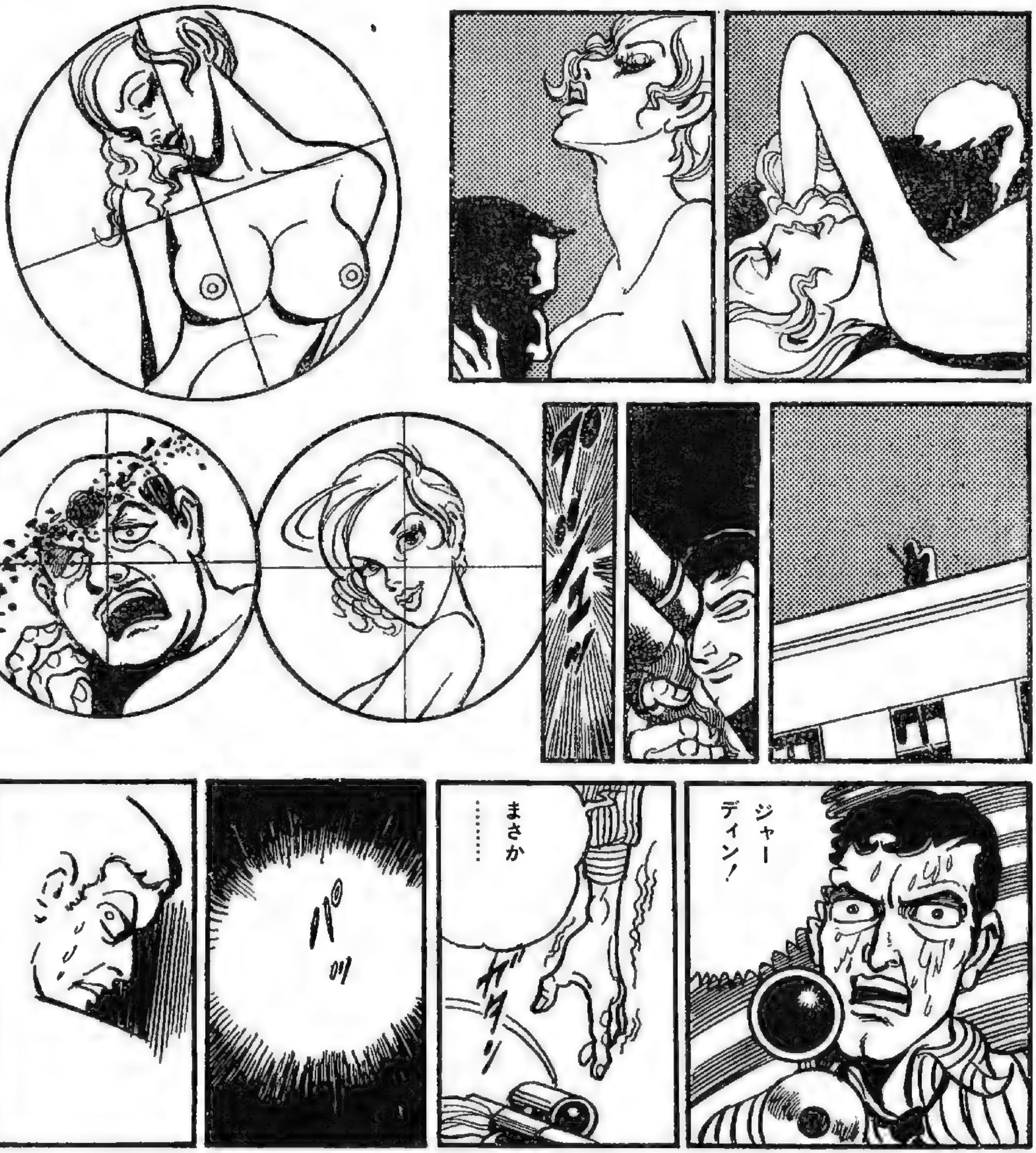
Italy is also a country that supports a large industry of erotic comics. The sexier ones feature near-nude heroines with titles like HELGA, JUNGLA, ISABELLA, LUCREZIA, and MESSALINA. The stories involve semi-nude girls engaging in adventures throughout various periods of history. MESSALINA is about ancient Rome and LUCREZIA is based on the Borgias.

One of the finest erotic artists comes out of Italy. He is Guido Crepax and a fine example of his style from his LA CASA MATA strip may be seen at right.

Above is an example from JUNGLA, a jungle strip.

AHH...
AHHHH...

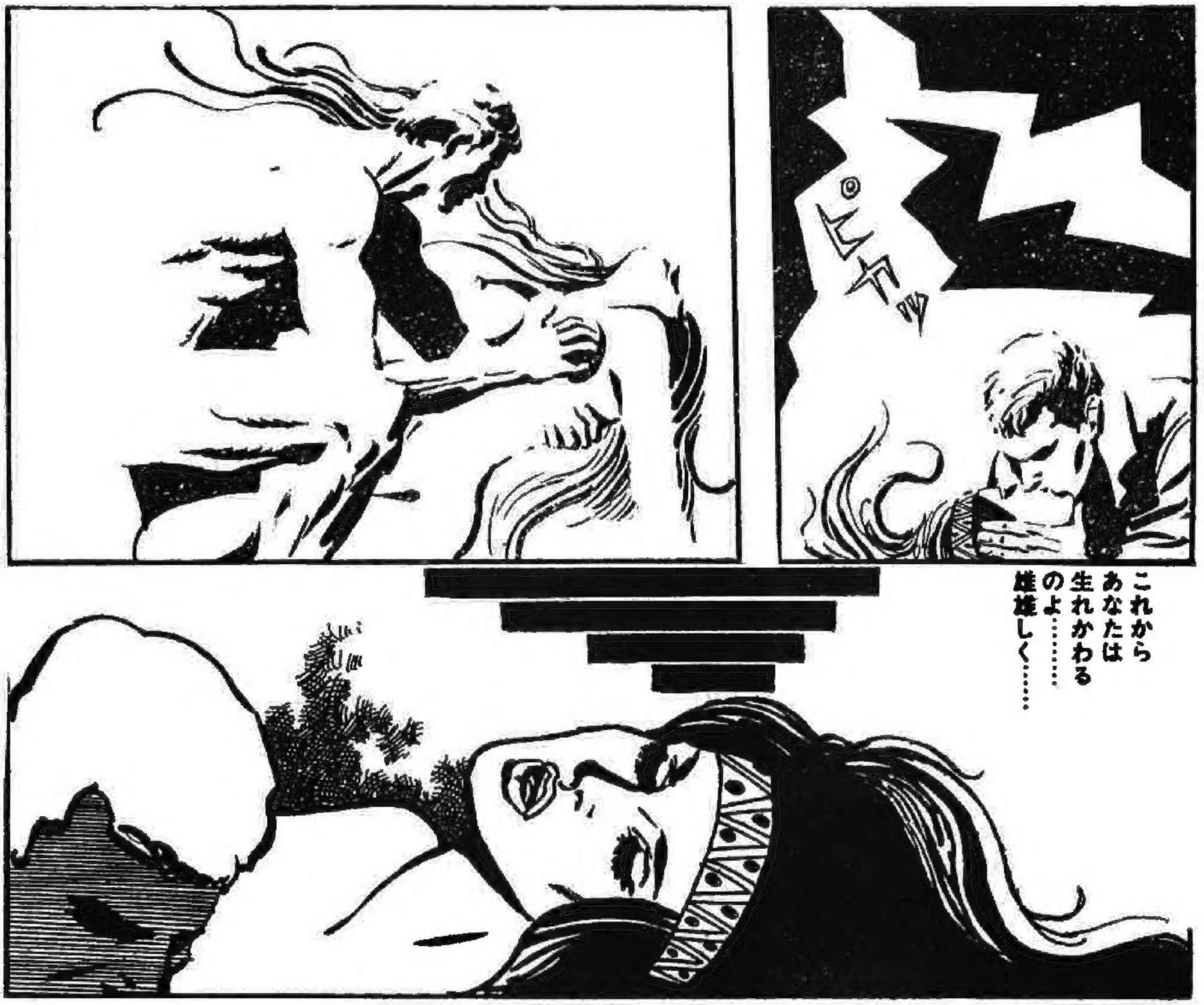
HH...
HM...



JAPAN

The Japanese comics seem obsessed with sex and violence. One without the other is the exception, rather than the rule.

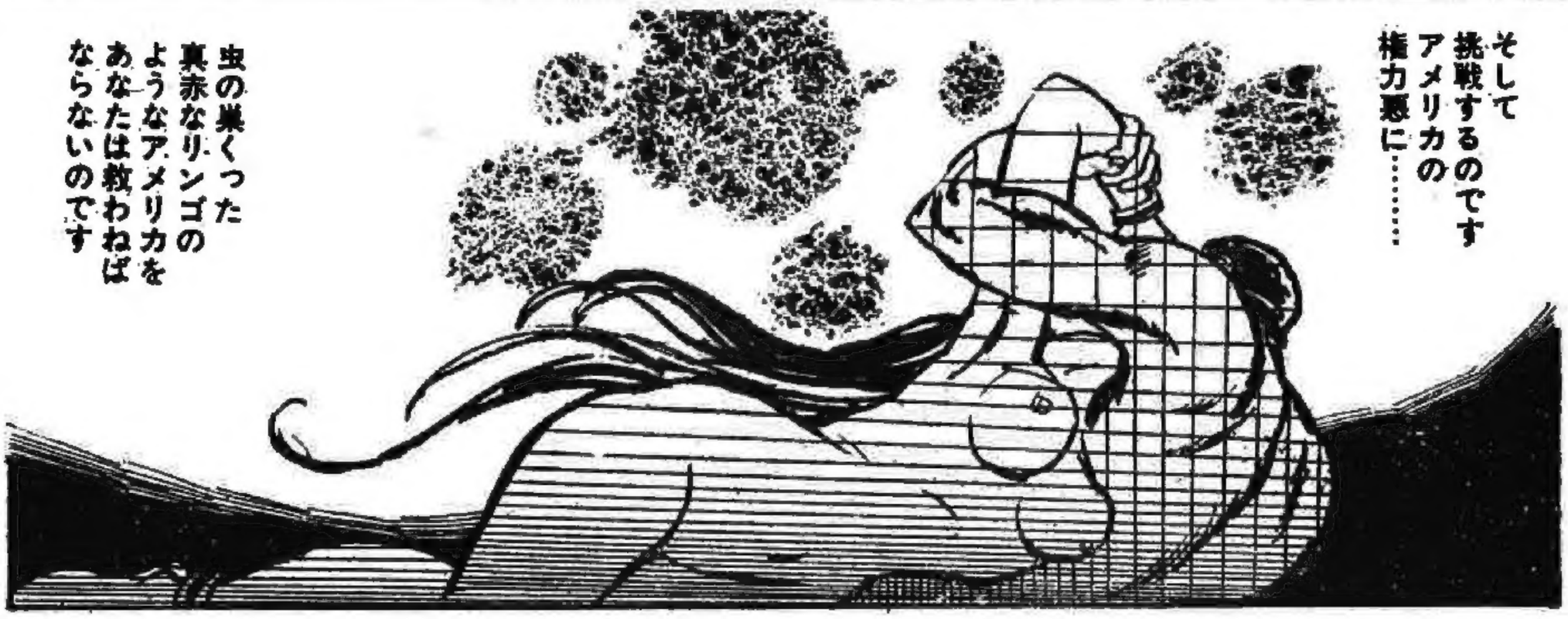
Japanese society has comic books for adults as well as children. The adult comics feature lurid, sexy covers and offer many varieties of erotic fantasy; 99% of them dealing with violence. The stories are of the pulp quality, featuring spies, cowboys, samurai and the ninja. The examples shown are from ACTION COMICS.



雄の生あこ
これから
あなたは
生れかわる
のよ……
雄雄しく……

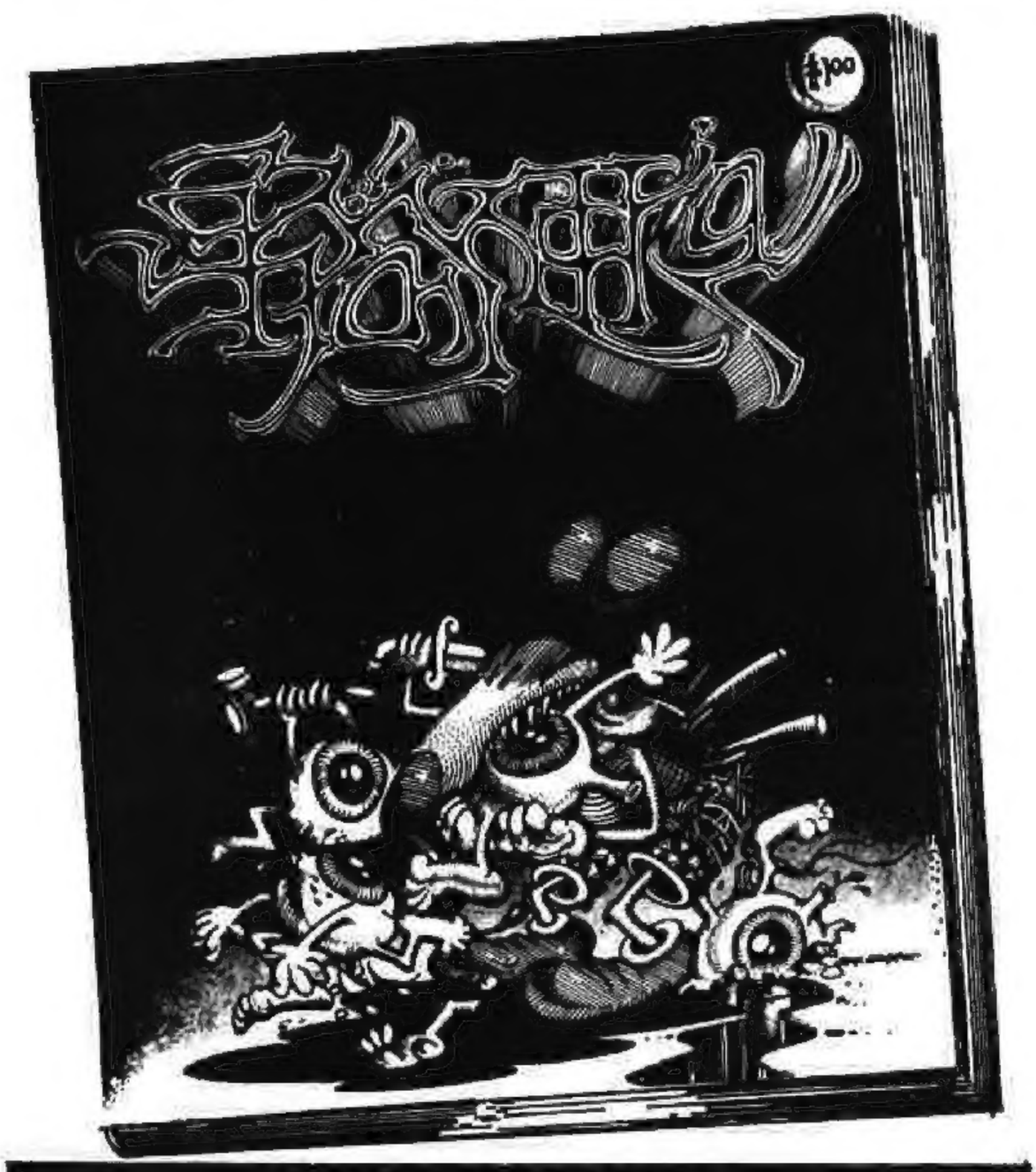
そして
挑戦するのです
アメリカの
権力悪に……

虫の巣くった
真赤なリンゴの
ようなアメリカを
あなたは救わねば
ならないのです



HOO HAA!

HEY GANG! did you miss out on our first issue? still AVAILABLE



FEATURING
THESE
SURE-FIRE
WINNERS
rick griffin frank frazetta
juanillo
r. crumb g. metzger
al williamson bob inwood
greg irons

Well, Promethean Enterprises has scored another FIRST! Your editors are the only three people ever to achieve the infamous distinction of being deported from Argentina.

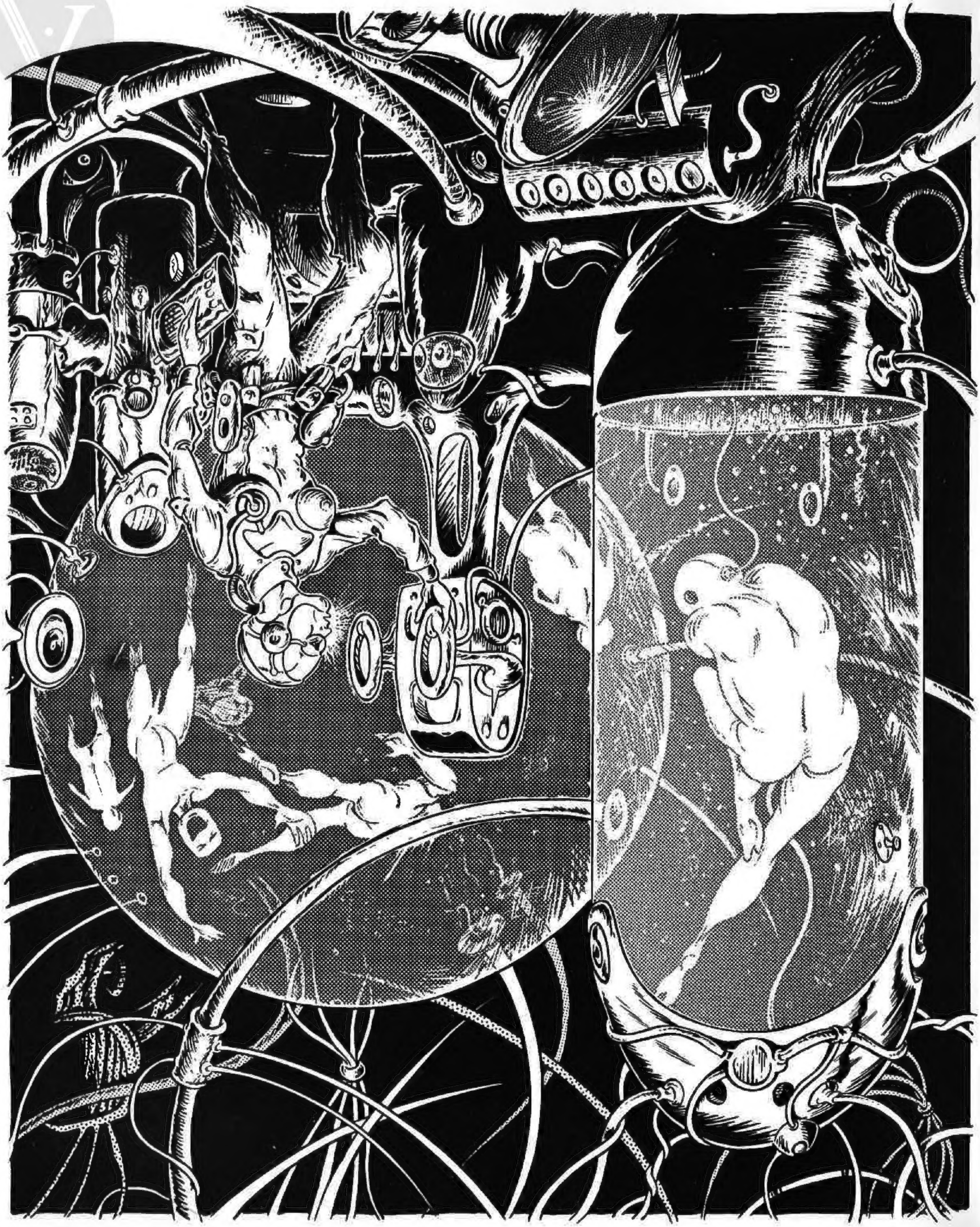
Whatever the reason, we're back; with more pages, better reproduction, a little text, and an even greater variety of artists. Our loose format seems to have attracted a few more people and generated interest in both underground and comic circles. Hopefully we have established a concept that is unique in its diverse appeal.

The first issue was printed Memorial Day, 1969. It's taken exactly a year to produce this second issue. We find that an annual schedule is more conducive to publishing a quality magazine. We are still not commiting ourselves to a schedule, or a third issue, but look for us in about a year.

In the meantime, we're vacationing in Brazil this year. That's the only country that has no extradition agreements for Capital Offenses.

Send all suggestions, criticism, spare cash, and old E.C.s to:

PROMETHEAN ENTERPRISES
4160 Holly Drive
San Jose, Calif. 95127



G. Barr - 1961